

# *Changes*



*Walden*

PREPARATORY SCHOOL

83-84







Holly Saul Kner - N - Fred Yole - 4

Jeff Yole

Conan  
Roe

Amey Jones

Eta Brennan

Craig Fato

Wayne Hughes

Joe Hughes

Debbie Landhardt

Henry Brown

Burt Falk

Lauri Burns

Ninfa Garza

Trish Peters

John

John

Frank Morris

Alan Shafer

Wendy Street  
Mark Witz

Leah J. James

Bruce Bradburn

Bill Coyle





*Changes*



## *Changes Without*

83-84 brought a lot of changes to Walden — and to each of us. Some changes helped things — some helped us to learn lessons. But the school has changed because each of us has changed. And I hope it continues. Because it is change that allows us to be alive.

Thanks to each of you for making this a special year in Walden's history. The students who made up the school and the teachers who helped us all to learn. And a special word to Linda, Nancy Joe, Trish, Bart, Mike, and all of you who worked so hard to record this year. Thank you.







*Changes  
Within*













# *And Individually*

## CHANGES

Changes in time  
Changes in the season  
Changes of mind  
Could age be the reason?

Twelve long years  
Of living and learning  
So many fears  
Our heads keep turning.

People come and people go  
Throughout our younger years  
Learning things we didn't know  
Intimidation from our peers.

Different faces  
Different names  
Same ole places  
Same ole games.

We go through the motions  
We rewrite the lines  
We change our emotions  
To go with the times.

But as time goes by  
And lives rearrange  
What we remember  
Will never change.

Cherie Stewart







*Walden*  
*is*  
*People*



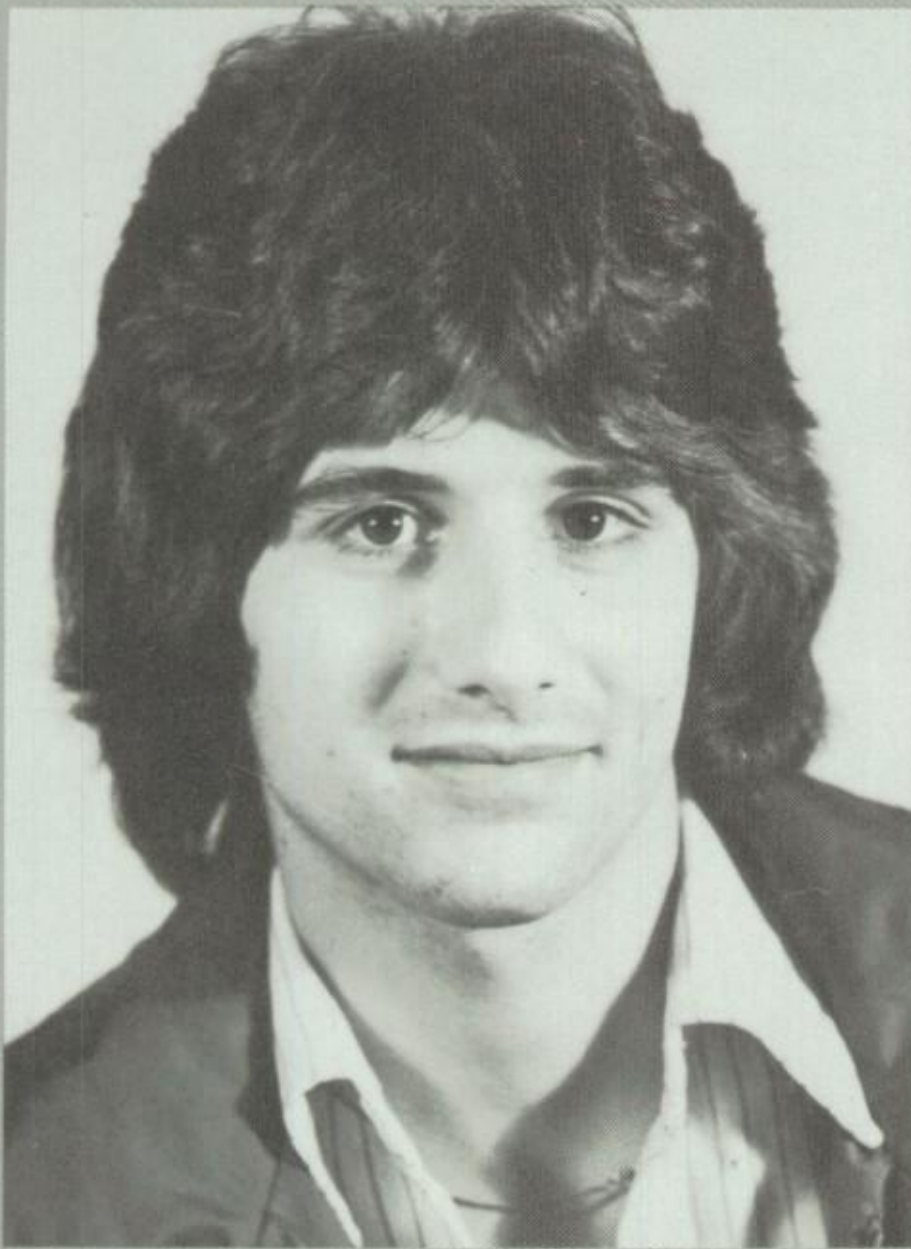
"Solitude is independance"  
— Hesse

A man of the world



Food for thought





Andy Knopf



JoDe Damer



Adopt a Waldenite today.



If you only knew . . .





Art is a rough job



Derek James



Kelly Faulkner



O.k., O.k., I'll sign up for art!





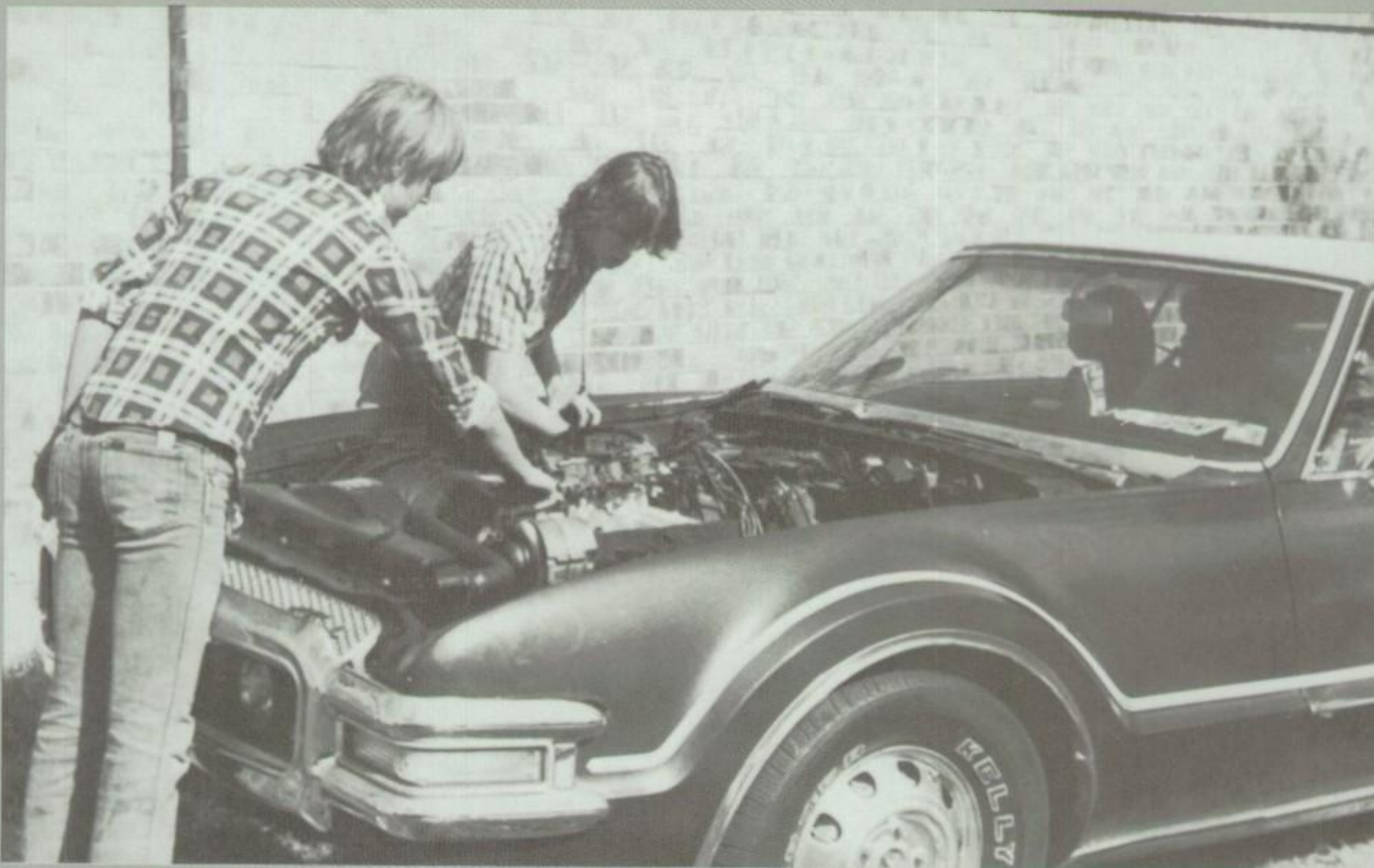
"I know I am."



"Is it time for class?"



Greg  
Foss



"Sure I can fix it."





Tony Babaa



Amy Broyles

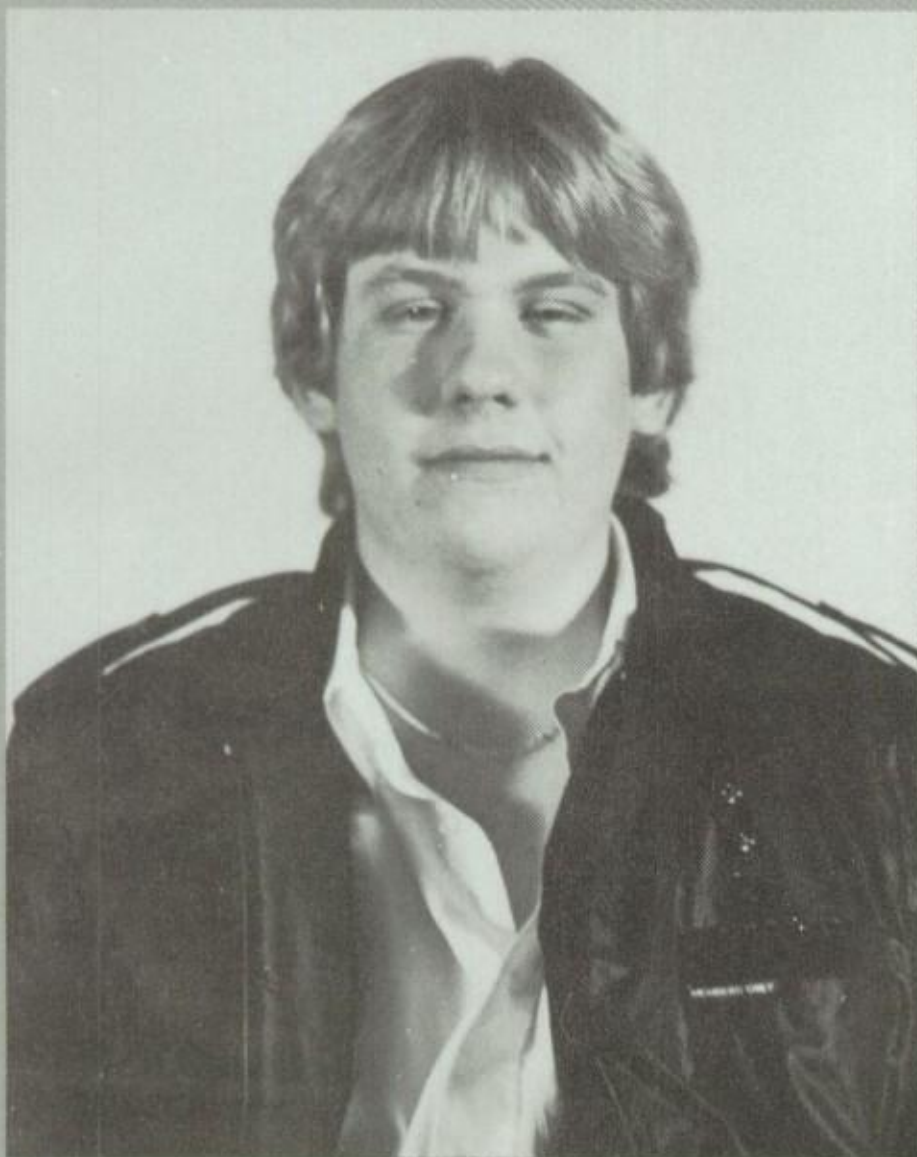


Richie Solo



Stefani Korman





Shawn Burge



"The sky is falling!"

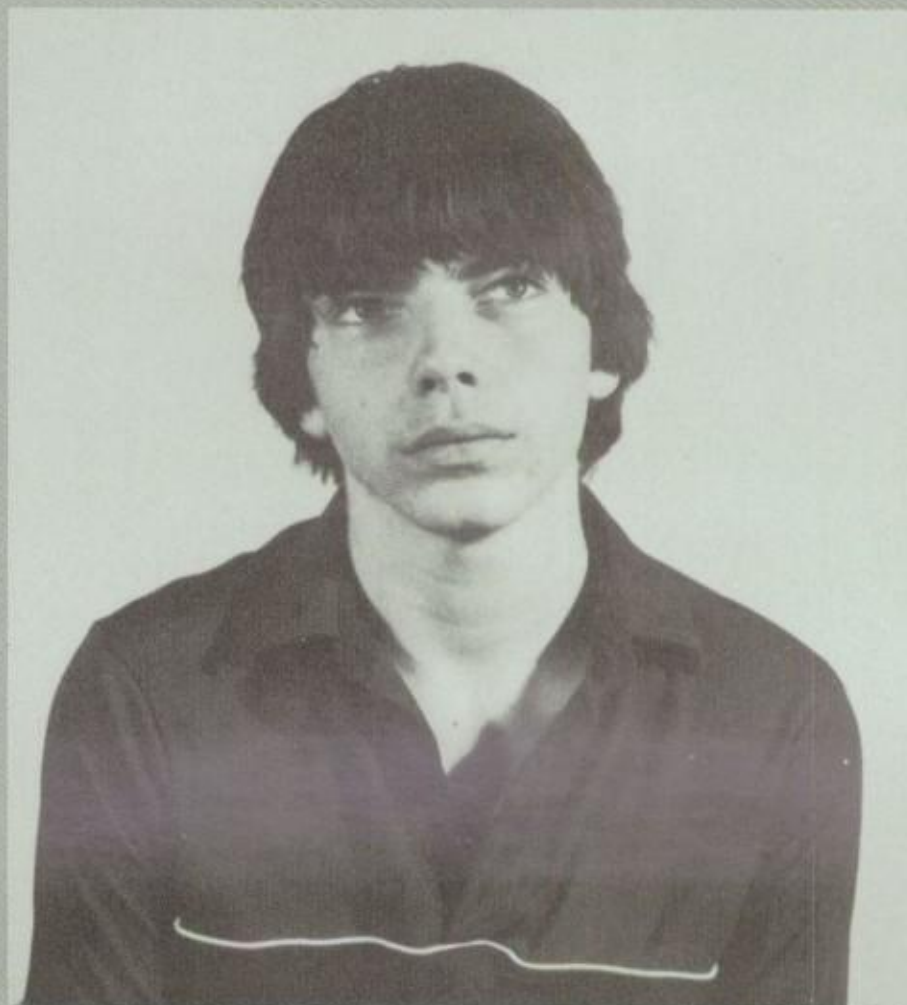


The Walden Olympics

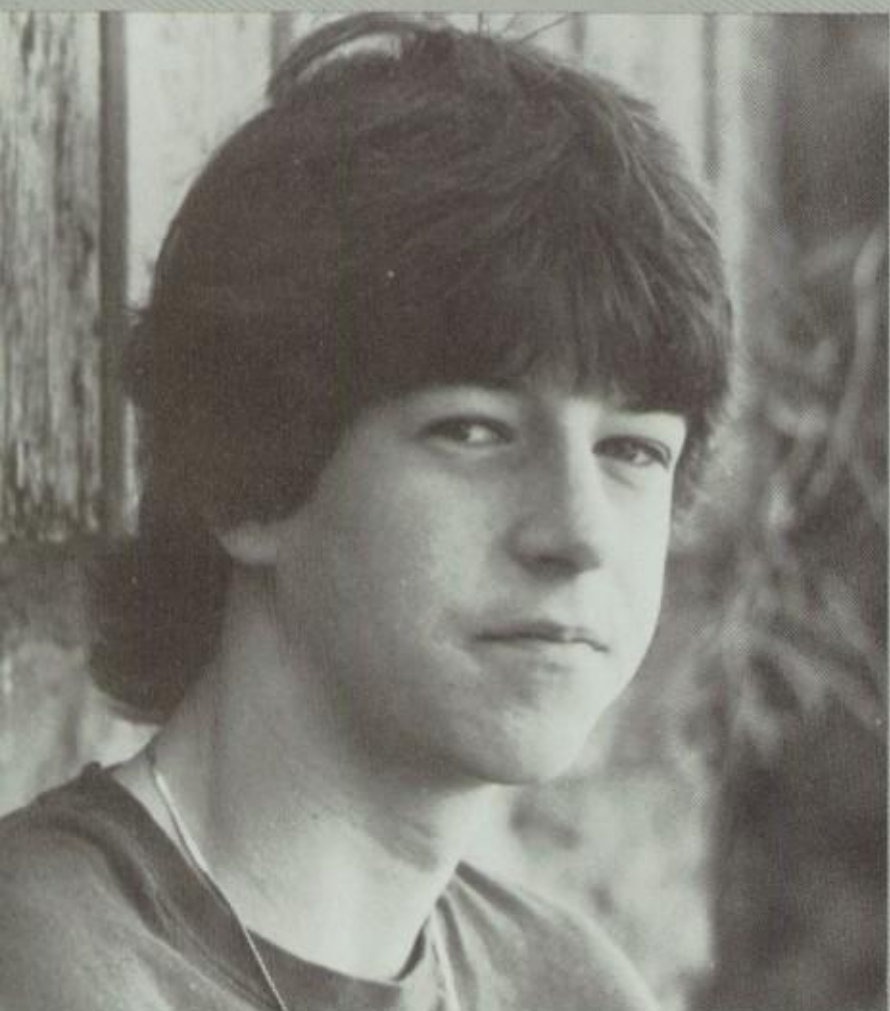




Debbie Unger



Grant Linsley



Leighton Brown



Two of a kind





Nanette Primeaux



Holly Faulkner



Waldenoids



Bruce Zalk





Graham Teschke



The couple most likely to make it



Steve Travolta in action



S  
i  
r  
i  
n  
a  
  
P  
r  
i  
c  
e

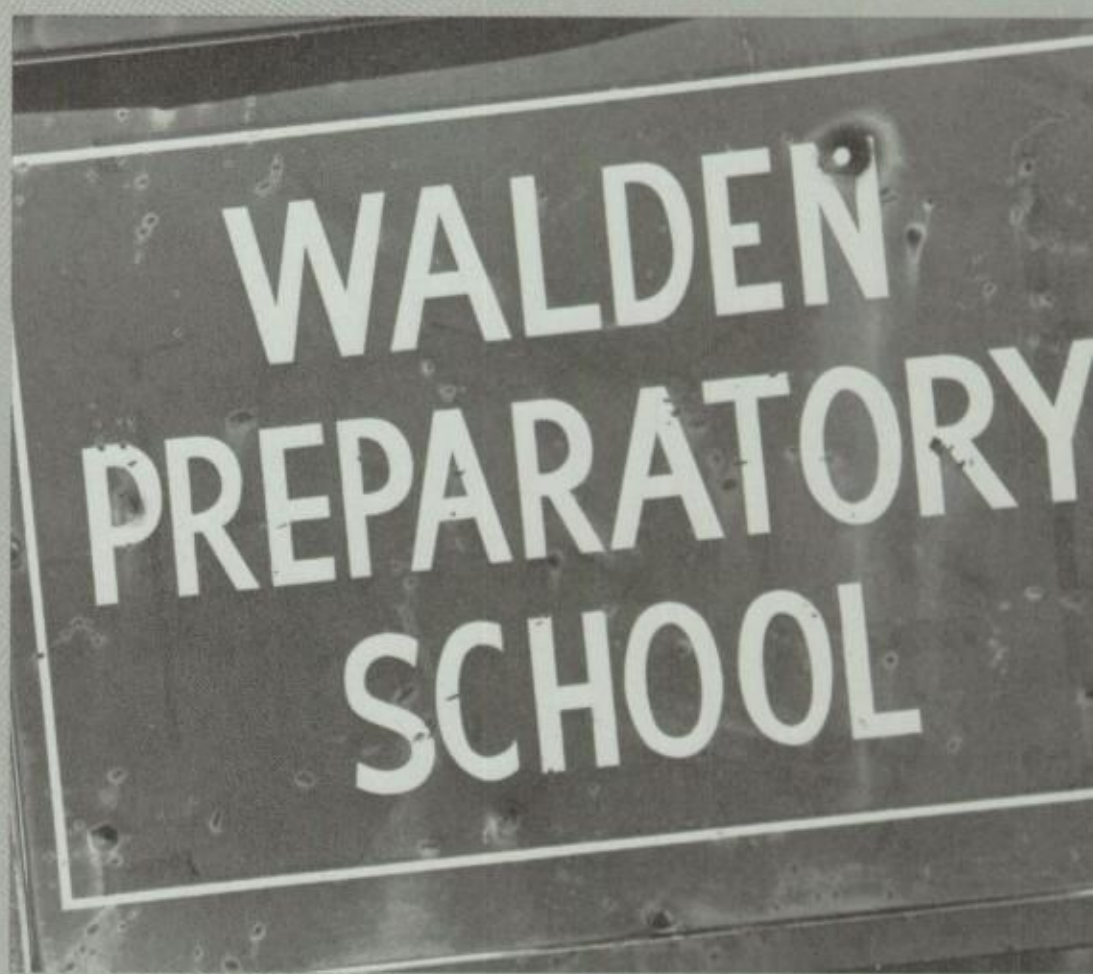


B  
e  
t  
h  
a  
n  
y  
  
J  
a  
c  
o  
b  
s





Mark Ainsworth



Kim Kropp



Rita Brennan

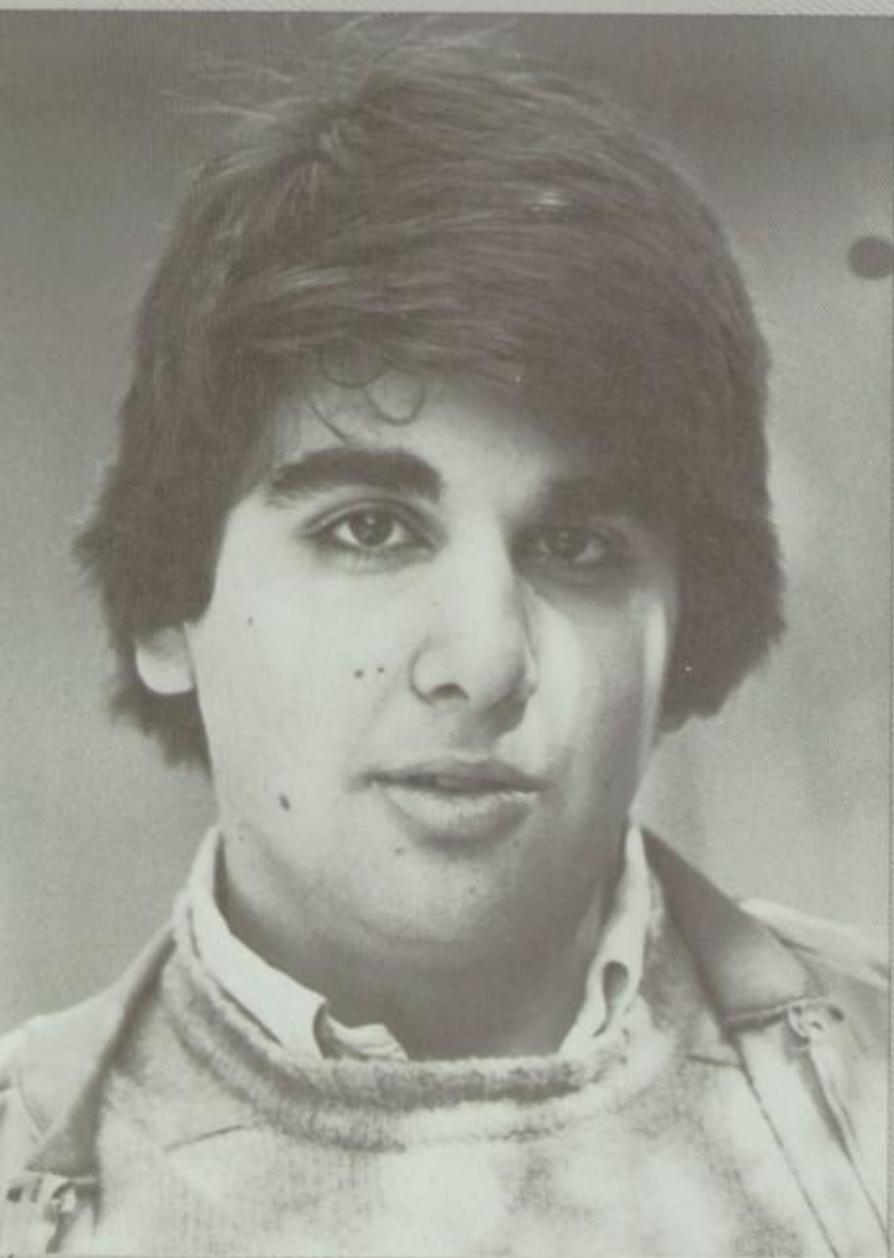




"Do you think we're busted?"



Wendy Storey



Cameron Rad

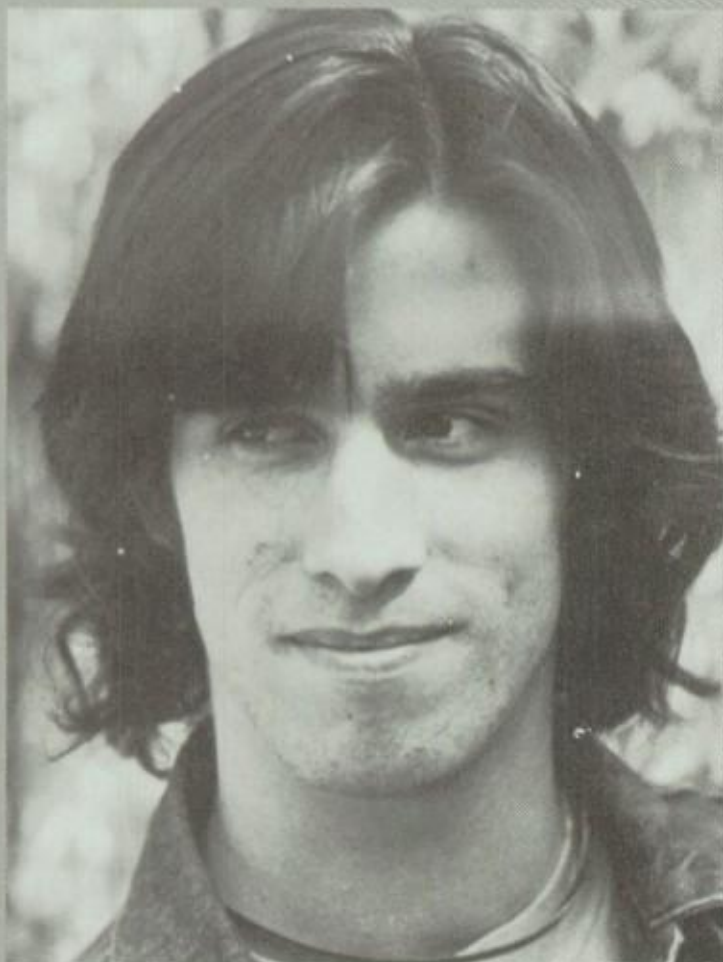


"I swear I didn't do it!"



"There's no place like Walden."  
 "There's no place like Walden."  
 "There's no place like Walden."





Steve Barnett

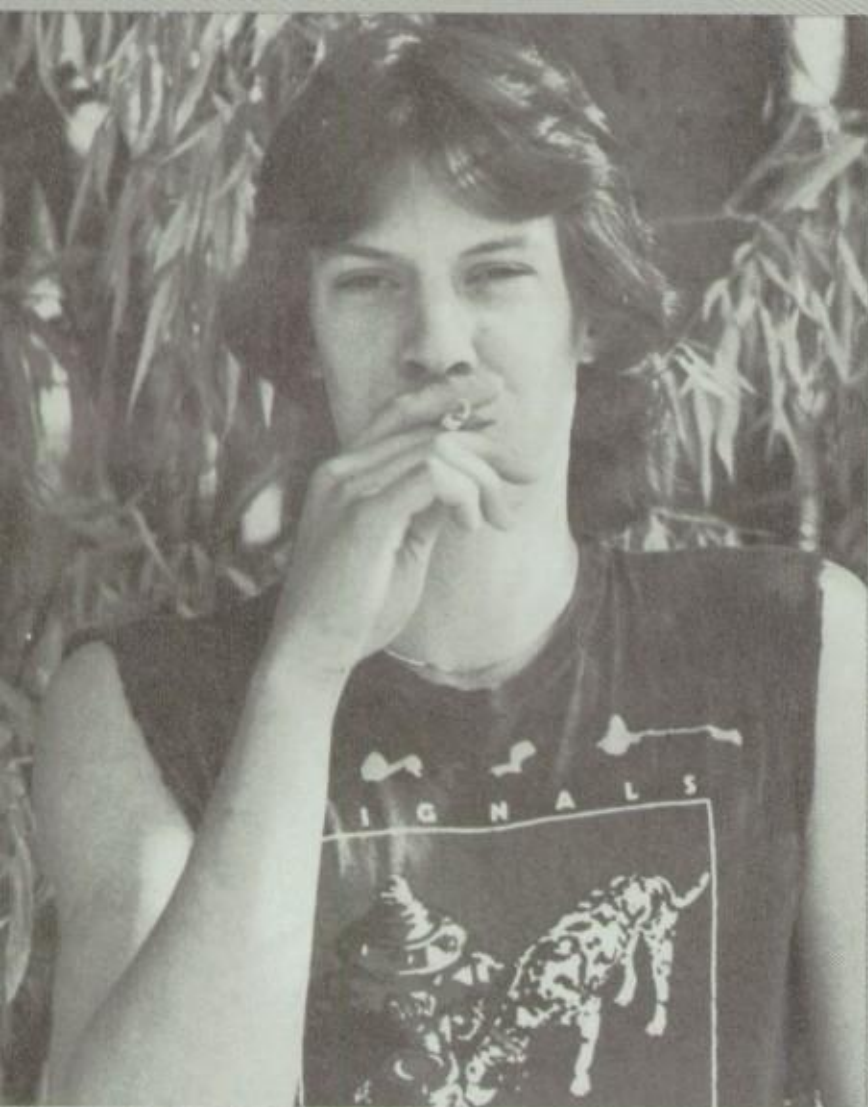


Jeff Korieth

"I don't give a Hack!"



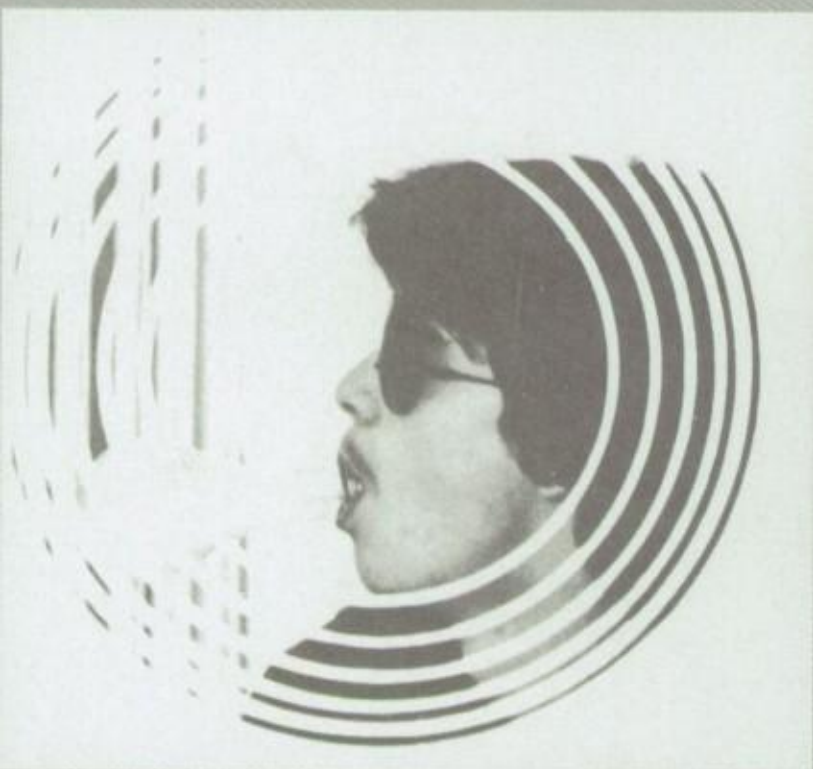




Anthony Collins



"I know gas is expensive, but this ridiculous!"



"Brad and his bright ideas."



Lori Lane





Marlboro Man



Michael Tracy



Vicky Gasprian



"Don't you dare!"





David Shinn



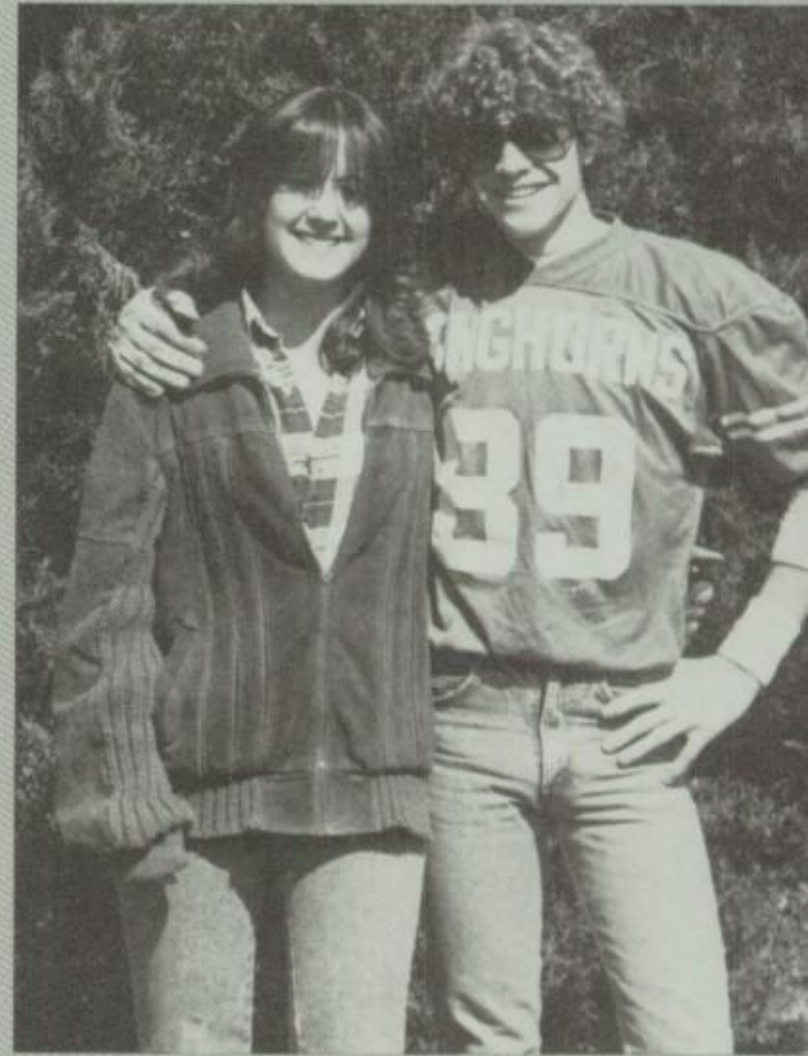
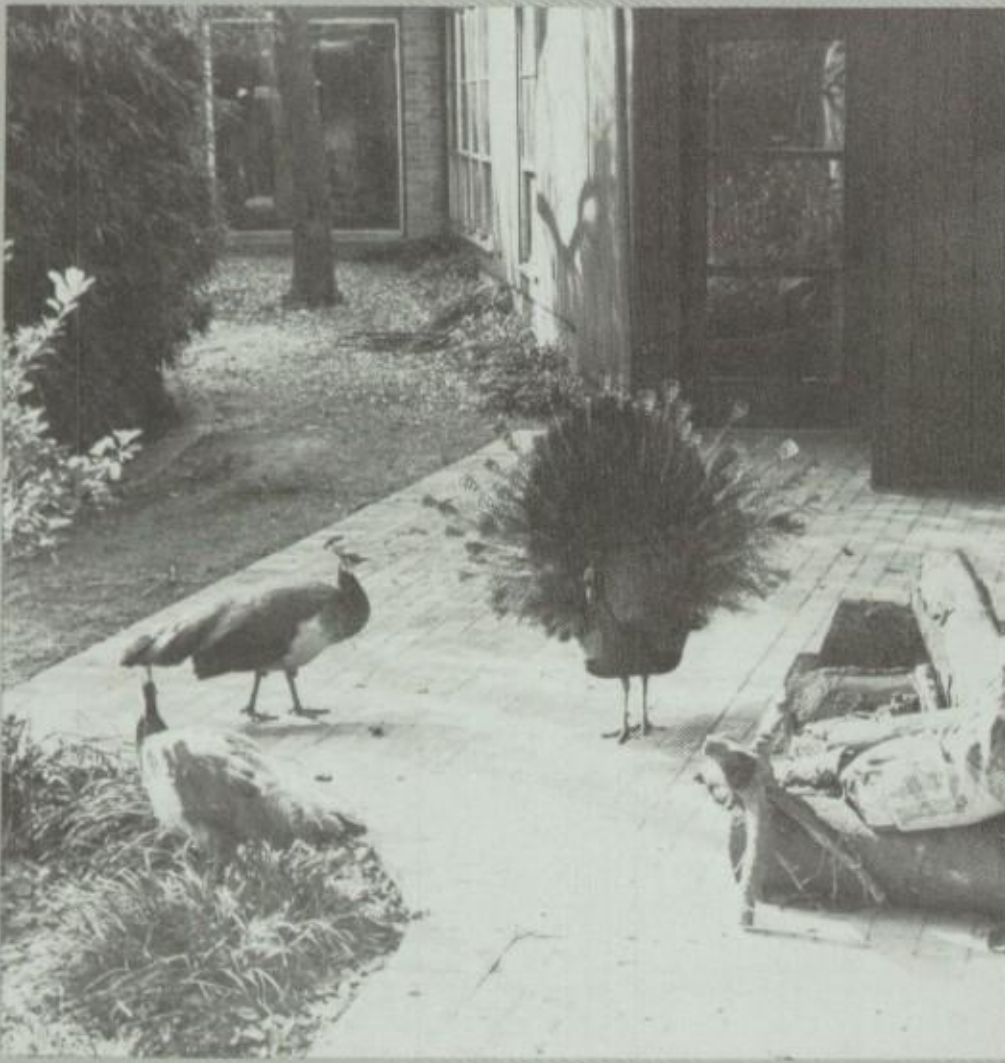
Big Brother is watching you!



Michelle Wilson



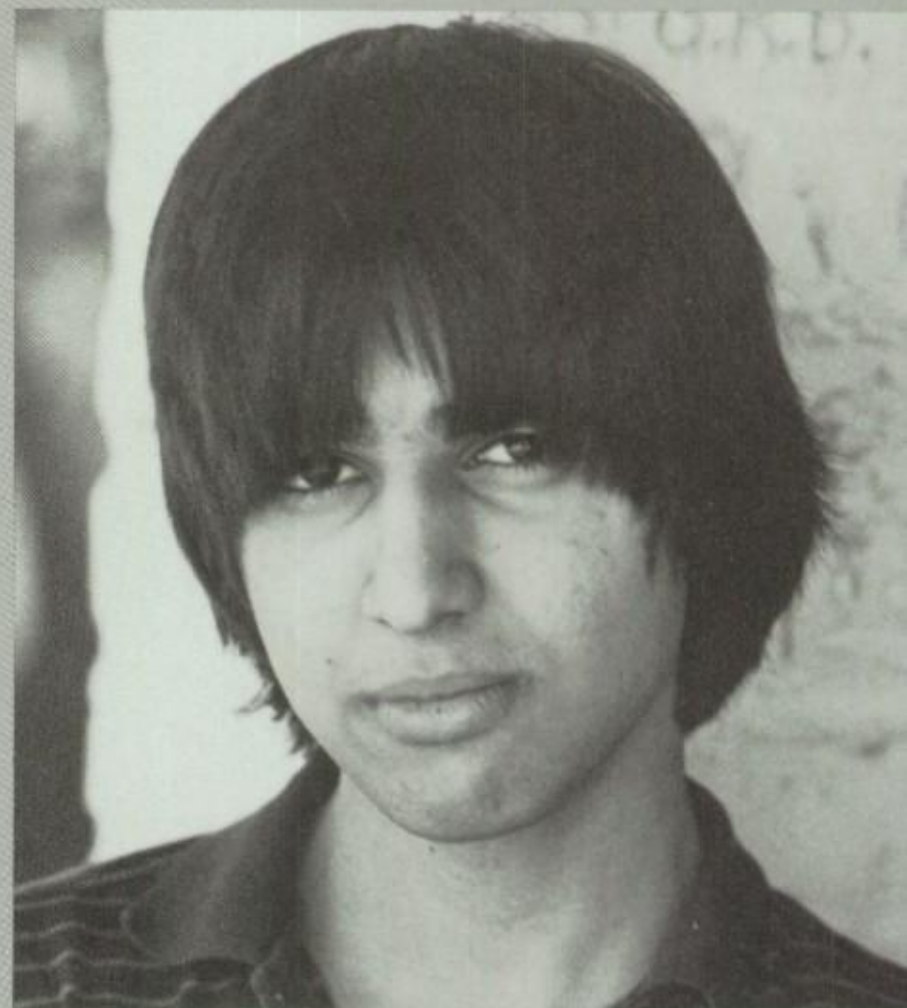




Walden is a good place . . .



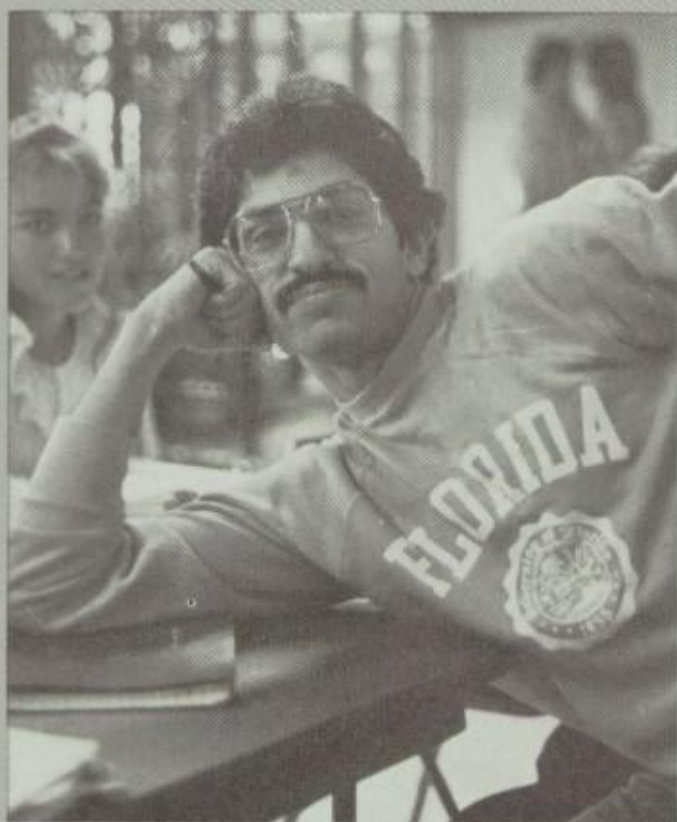
. . . for making friends.



Chris Rad



*faces*





## *Organized Sports?*



"You put your right foot in. Put your right foot out."





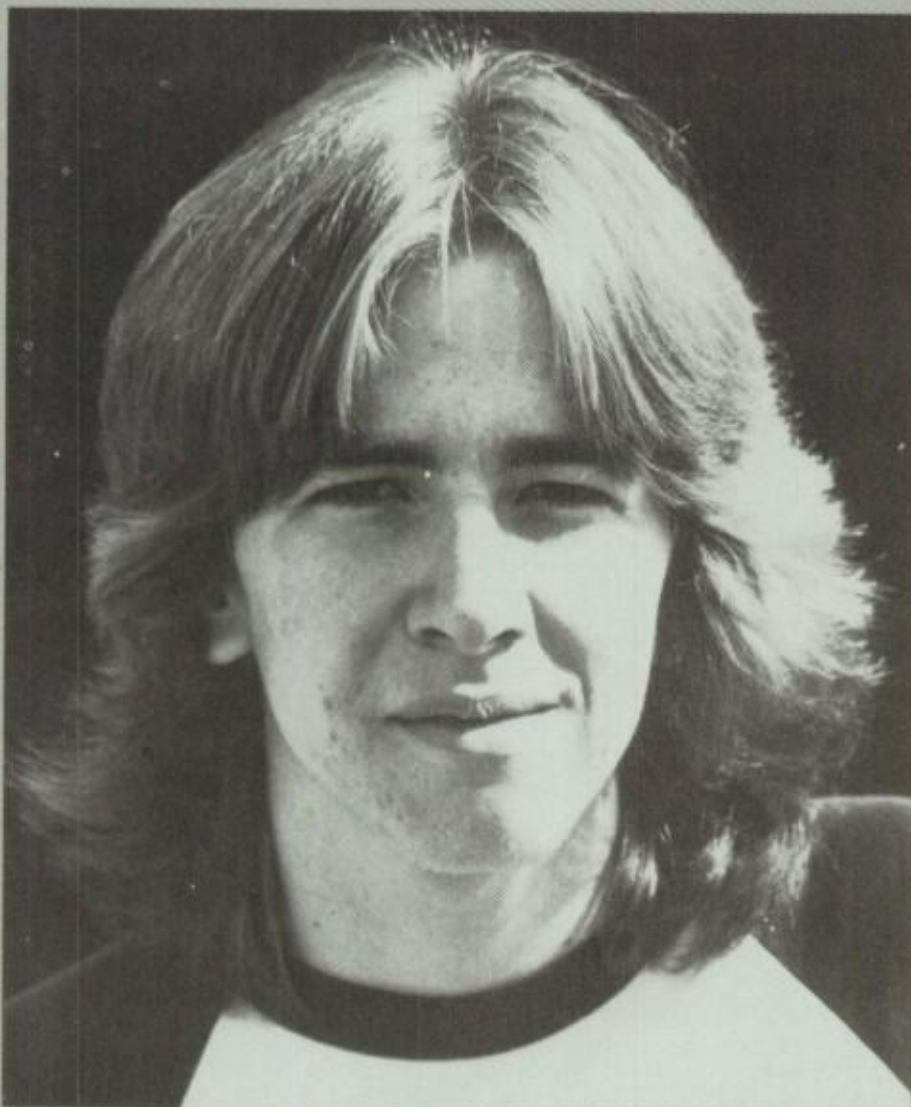
The Hack watch



"May there be peace and Hack on earth."







Robert Johnson

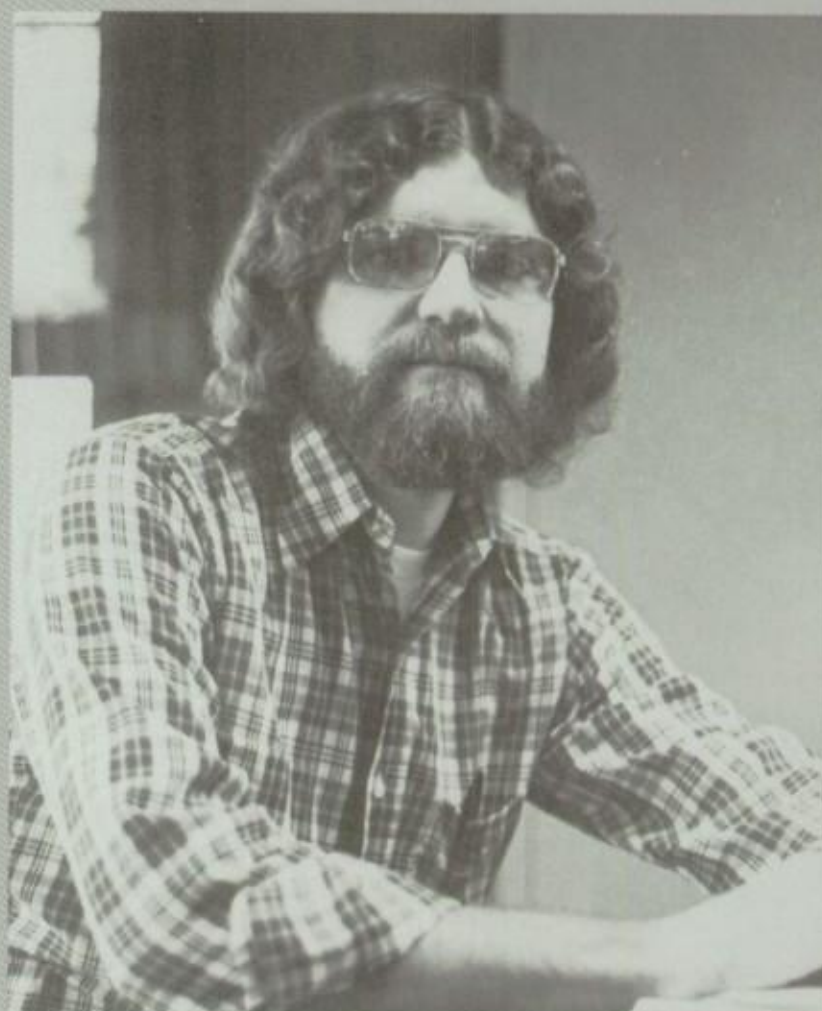


Drawing by Ulrike Gasprian

*Walden Welcomes . . .*



JAN HUBLINE  
English



DAVID PARKS  
English — Psychology  
Government





Mark Russell



Mitch Nickell



Chris Arnold



Debbie Schuster





Leslie Lau

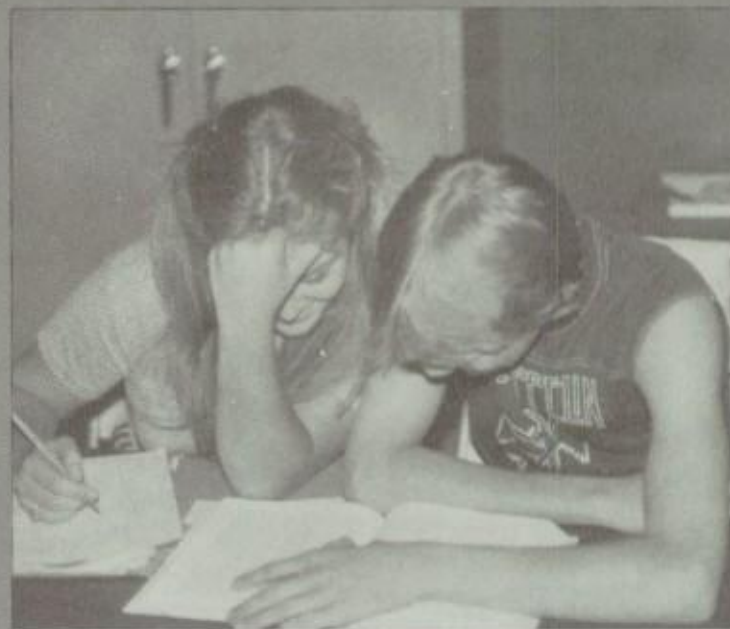


Mike Mount



Bryan Smith

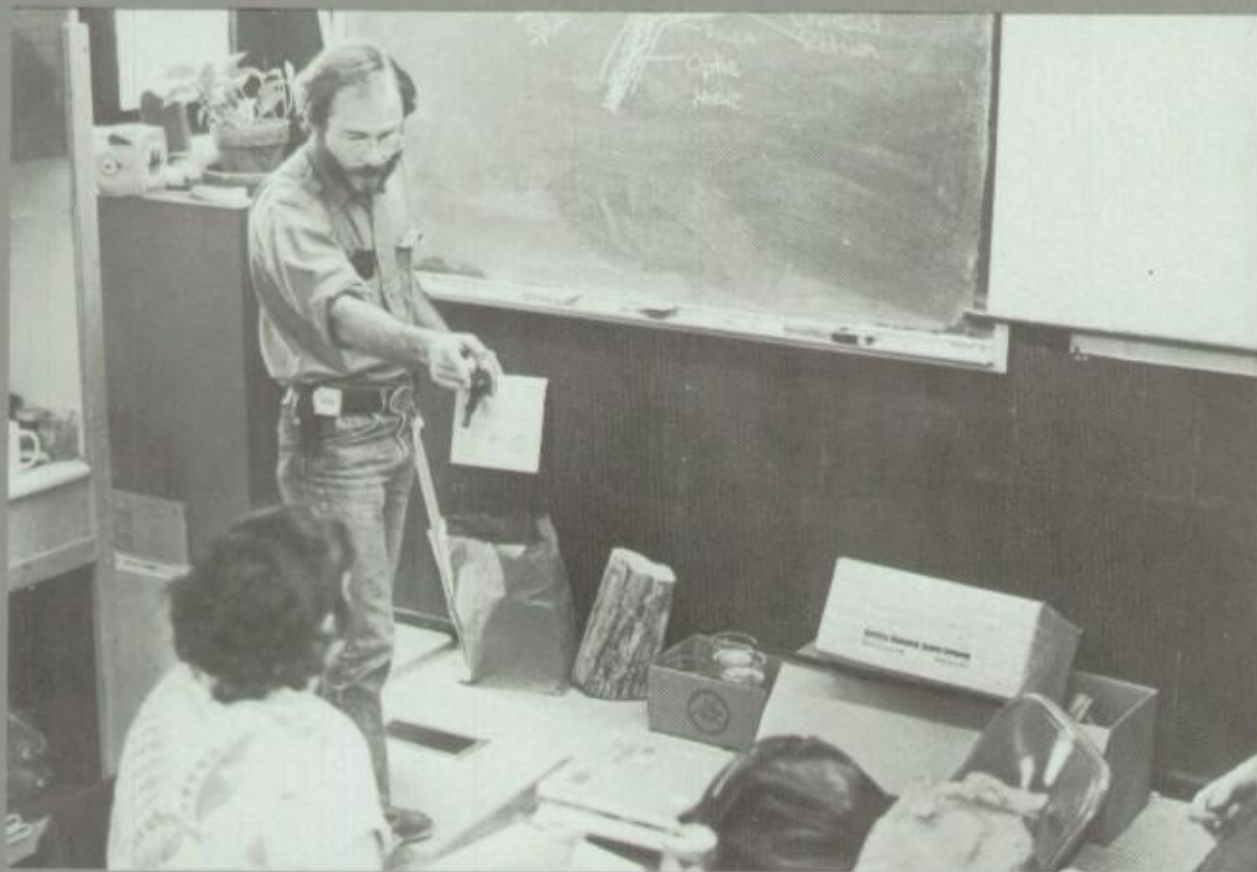




Formulas and fractions,  
 dates, names, people, and places —  
 words and more words.  
 Fragments stored in my mind  
 like unread books on a closet shelf.  
 Someday —  
 you never know  
 they might come in handy  
 One day I will open the door,  
 pulling forcefully or quite by accident,  
 and they will tumble  
 to the floor  
 like puzzle pieces dumped from a box.  
 I will find they fit together  
 perfectly —  
 A picture of my knowledge.







*A seed  
is planted —  
with nourishment  
it grows  
into a stem  
and begins to  
bud.*

"Get those frogs out of your purse!"



"Give up, Larry, it's already dead."



LARRY STONE  
Biology and Chemistry



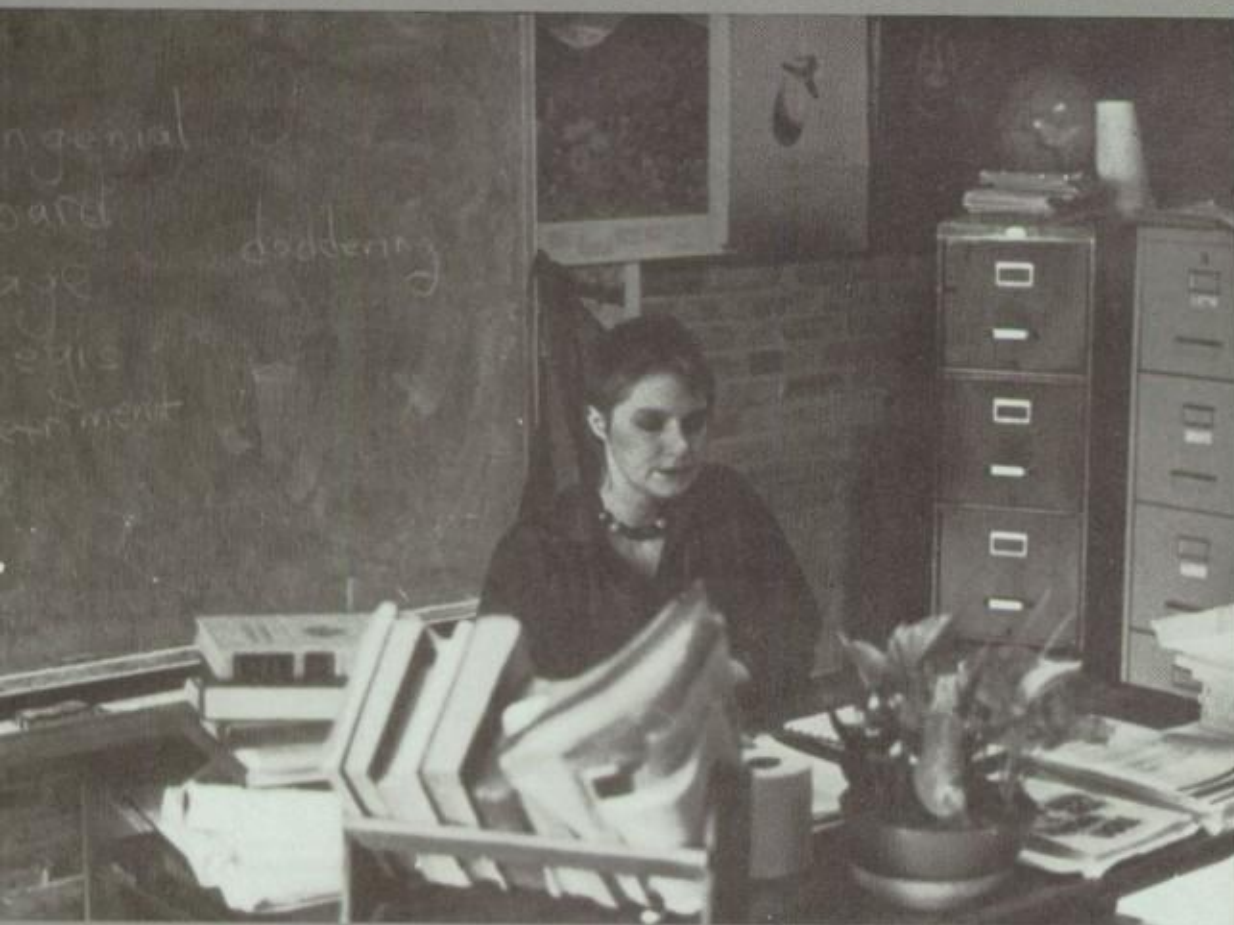
*A mind  
is taught —  
It is fertilized  
with knowledge  
and patience*



"Coffee really speeds me up."



PAMELA FRANCIS  
World History — English  
Geography



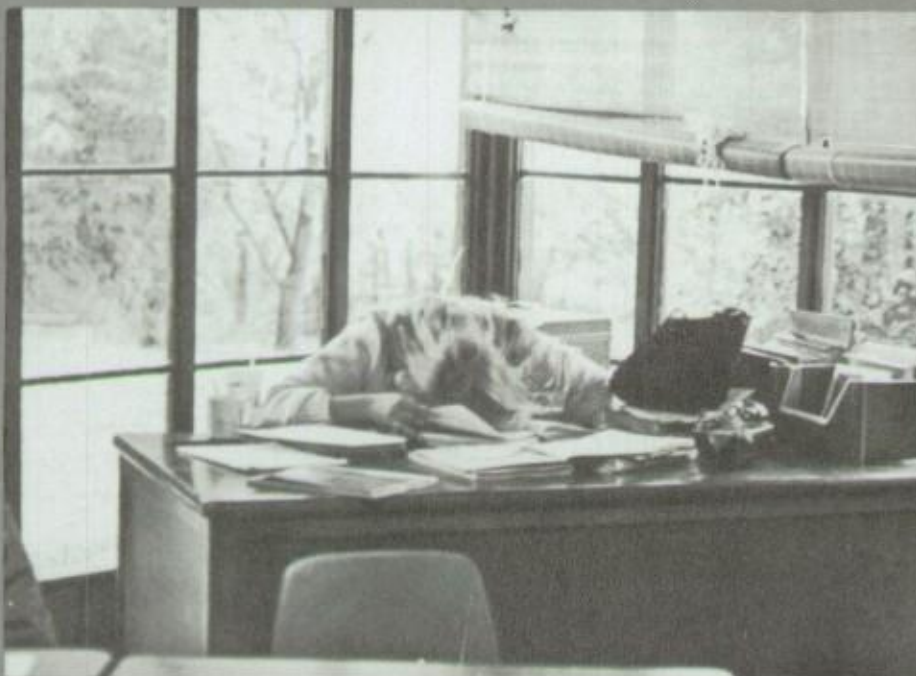
No Comment

"Logic only gives man what he  
needs, magic gives him what he  
wants." — Robbins





TAMMY RUSHING  
American History — Government — Psychology



Dream Therapy



"At least two students showed up!"



"I don't care what you do  
as long as you don't do it  
in the street and frighten  
the horses."





*learning  
by  
doing —*

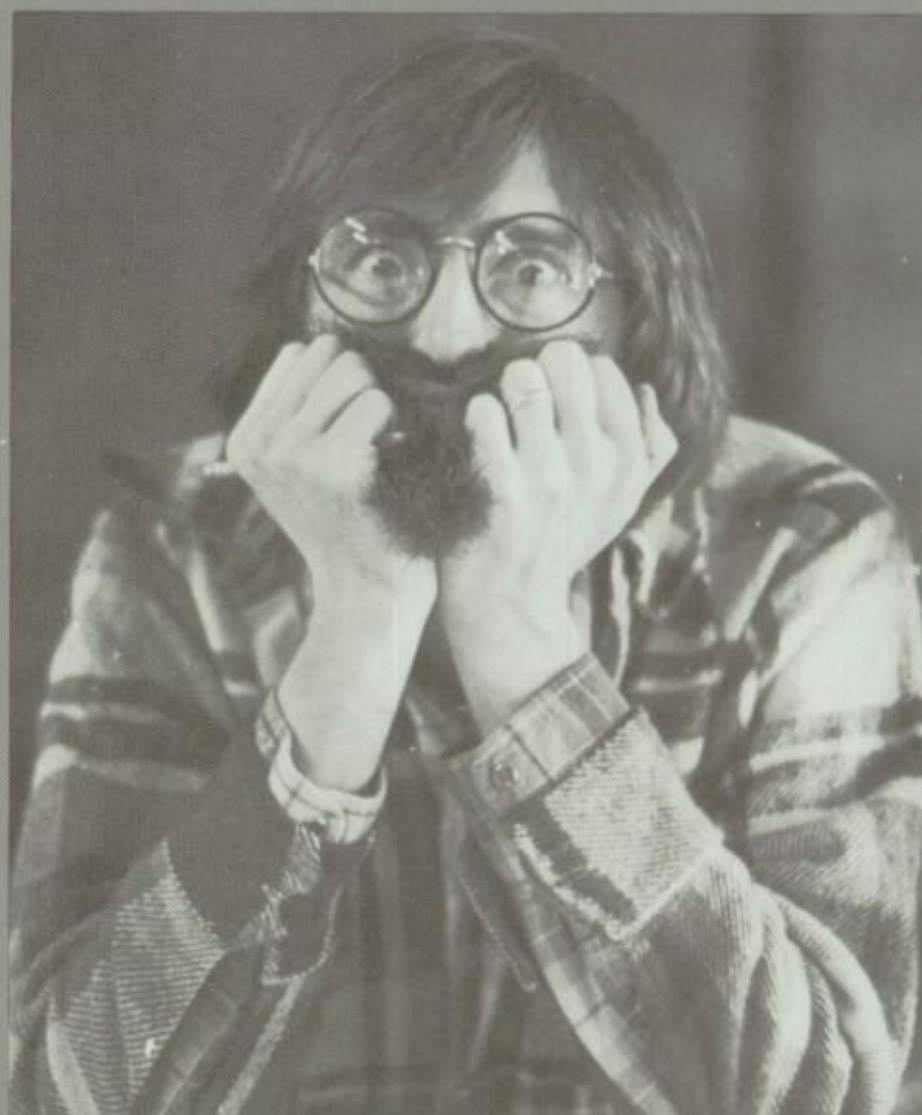
LINDA SHASBERGER  
English — Creative Writing



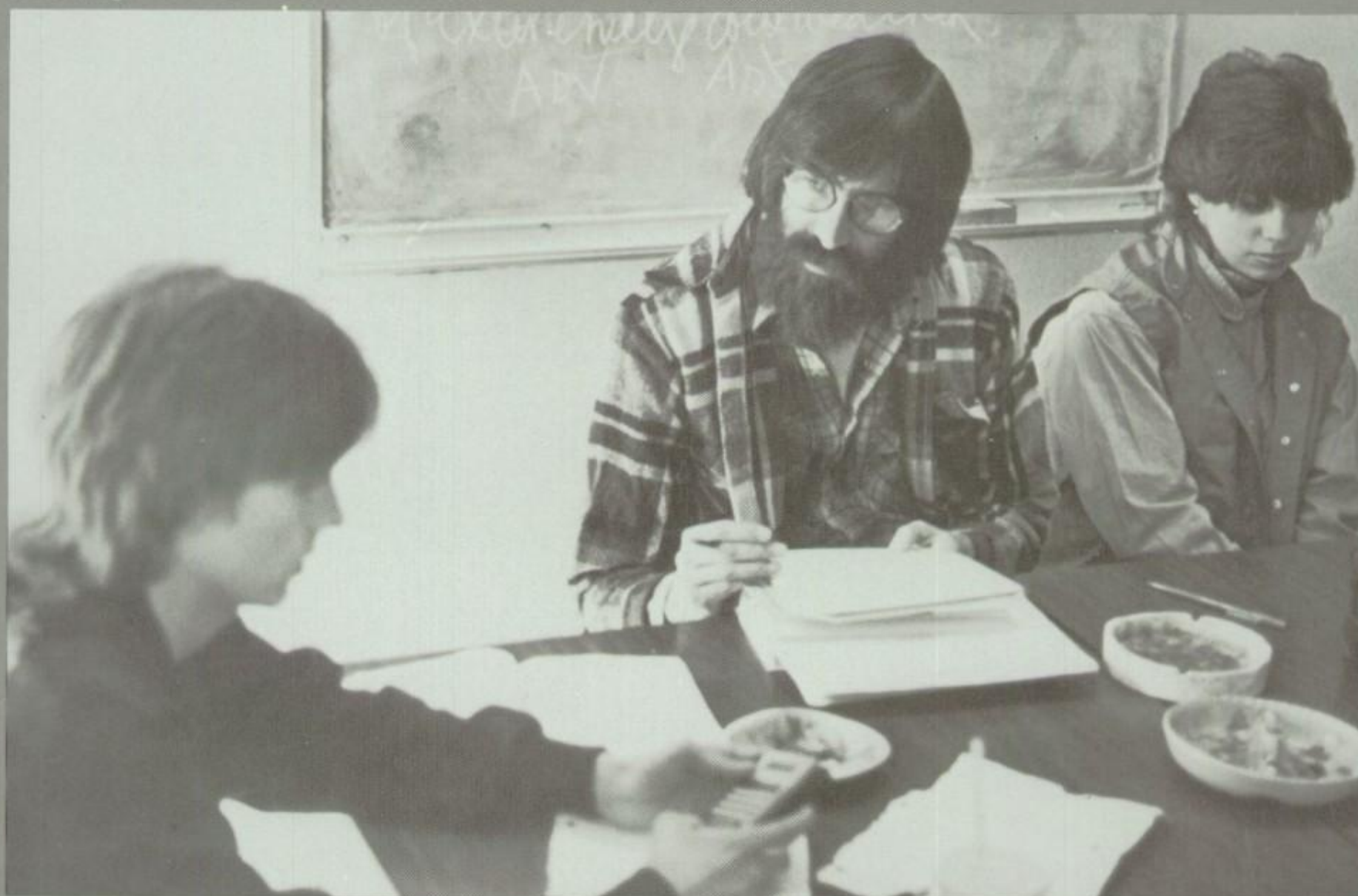




"Nancy tries her hand at student teaching."



STEPHEN HOUP  
Math — Physics



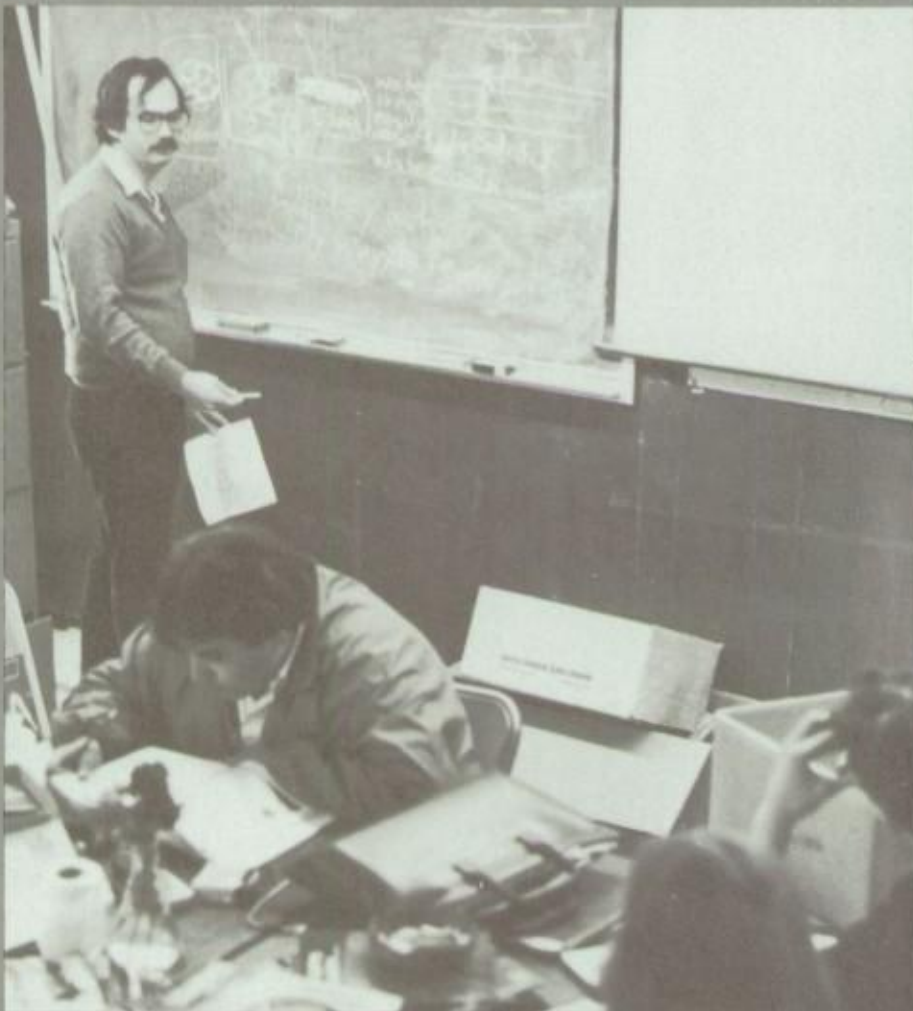
"Have you tried turning it on?"





BRUCE BRADSHAW  
Math — Geology

*failing  
and  
succeeding —  
becoming aware —*



When I was a little boy I would walk in the woods for hours with my dog (Lilla) and my cat (Miss Blue). We could see the clouds, the creek, the rocks, the flowers. I asked myself why; why the clouds flew, why the creek ran, why the rocks were covered in lichen, why the flowers bloomed, and then died. I had my friends, I had my questions.

Lilla and Miss Blue are long dead. I no longer walk in the same woods, and there is another dog and another cat. We see the trees, the clouds, the water, the rocks, the flowers. I still ask why; why those things are as they are. I have my friends, I have my questions.





Artist in Residence — Ulrike Gasprian

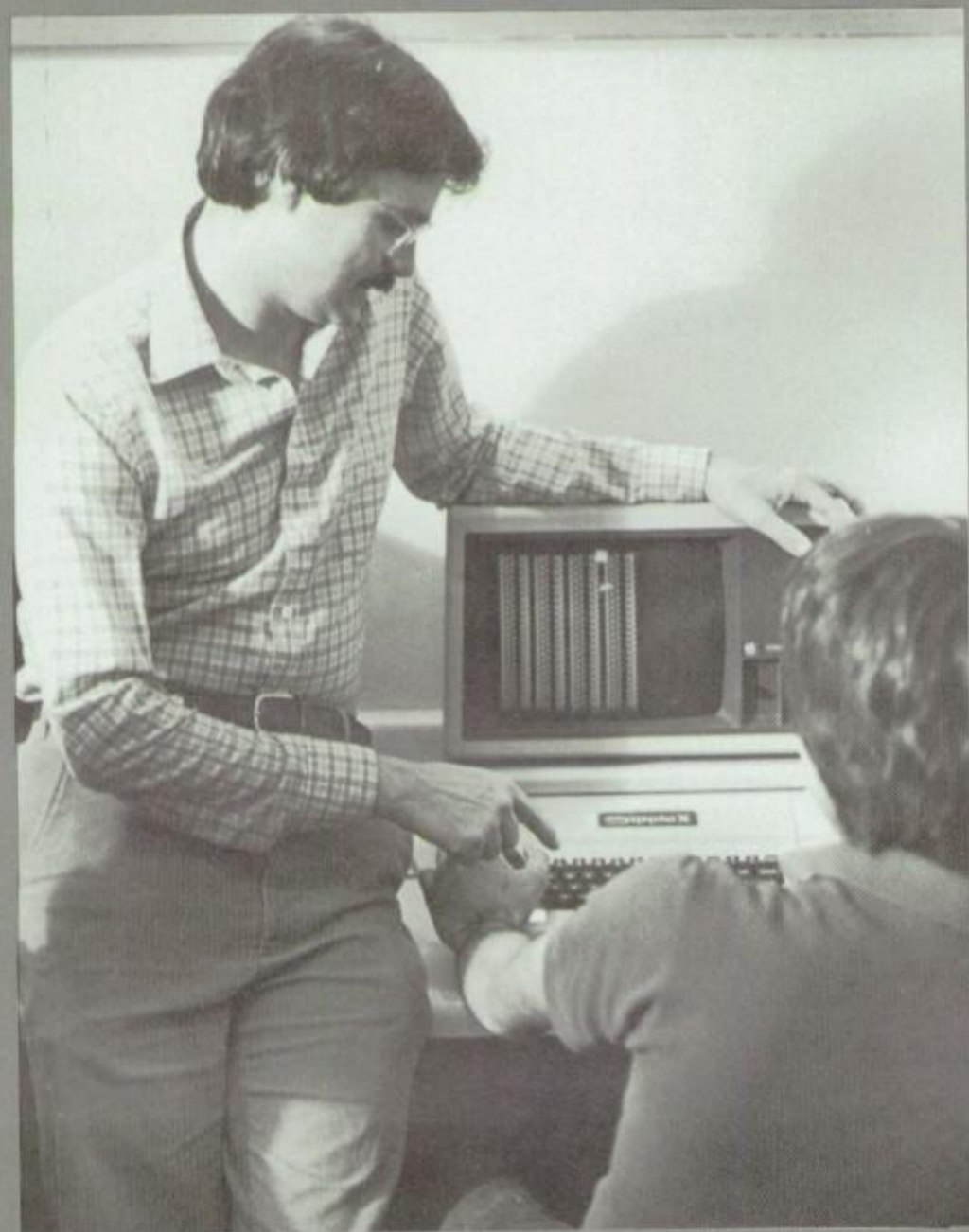
Art, like morality, consist of drawing the line somewhere.



"but I can't think of anything to draw."



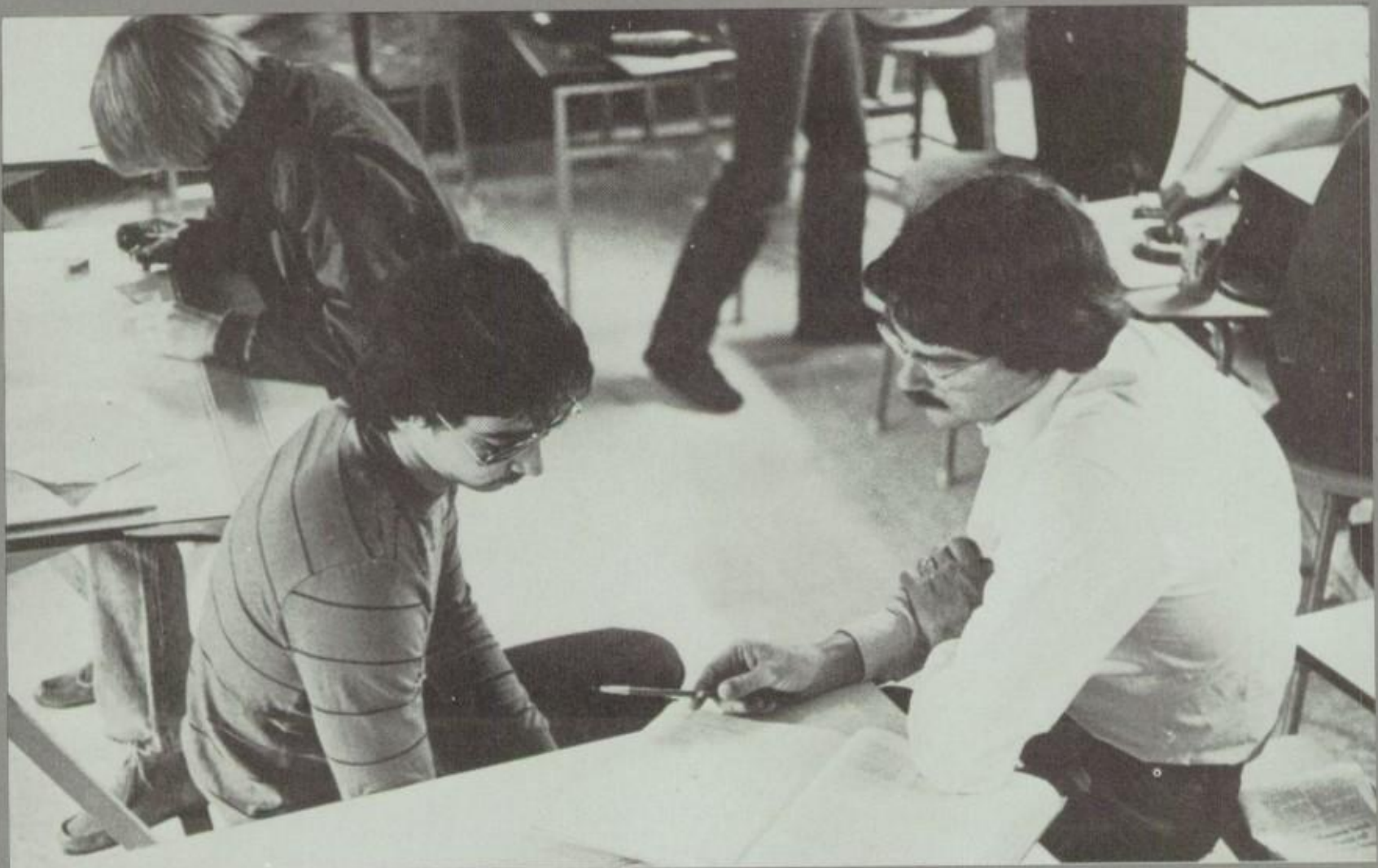
*Grasping at ideas —  
reaching out  
for more  
nourishment —*



MICHAEL FLANAGAN  
Drafting — Computers  
Business Manager



Keeping an ever-watchful eye on Walden's  
finances.







JOE HUGHES  
Photography



"We've got to stop meeting like this."



"Just keep smiling while I focus."





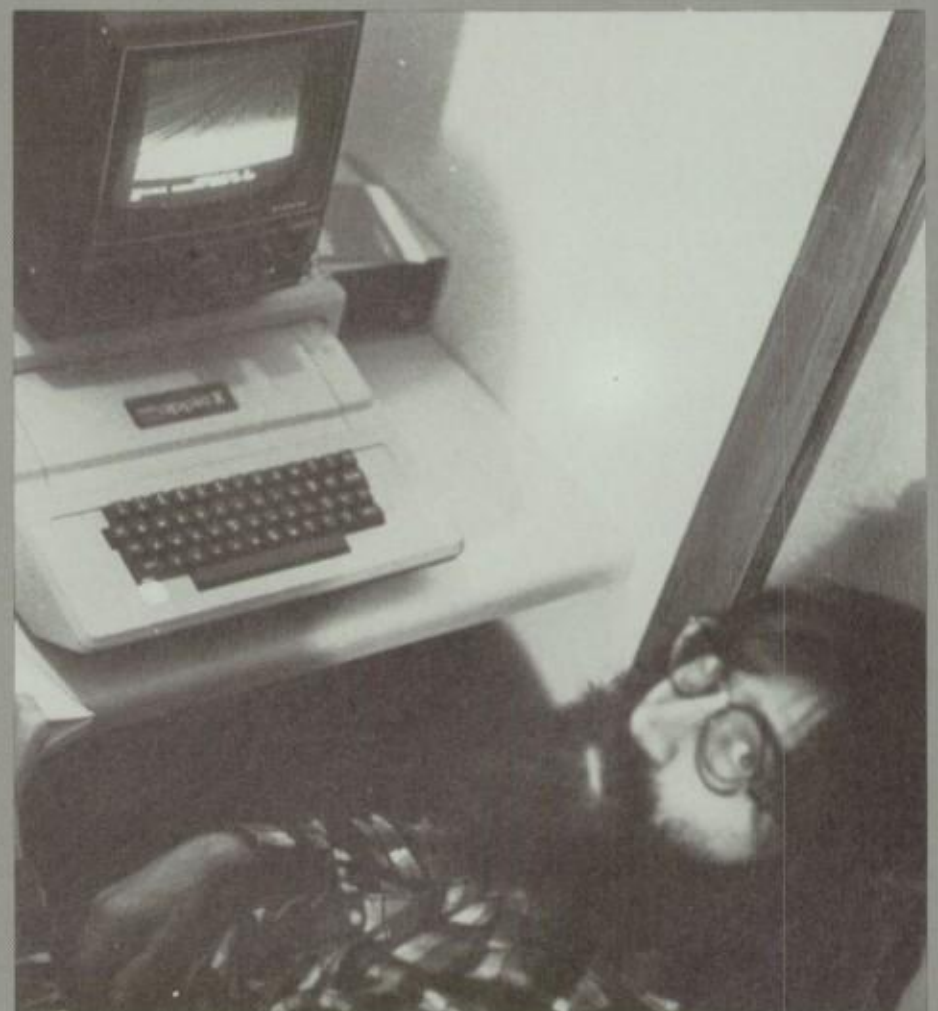
*Changing — Rearranging —  
It can't go back,  
ever,  
to being  
just a seed.*

Poem by Lisa Minkoff

SANDI McKEAN GOODIN  
Career Guidance — Work Program



Maybe the instructions are on the back."



"See, I'm adjusting to the computer age."





TRISH BOOTEN  
Walden's secretary  
and typist  
and yearbook assistant  
and student answering service  
and teacher aid  
... and friend.

and she can type too.



"You want how many copies of this by next period?"



"It's been one of those days."

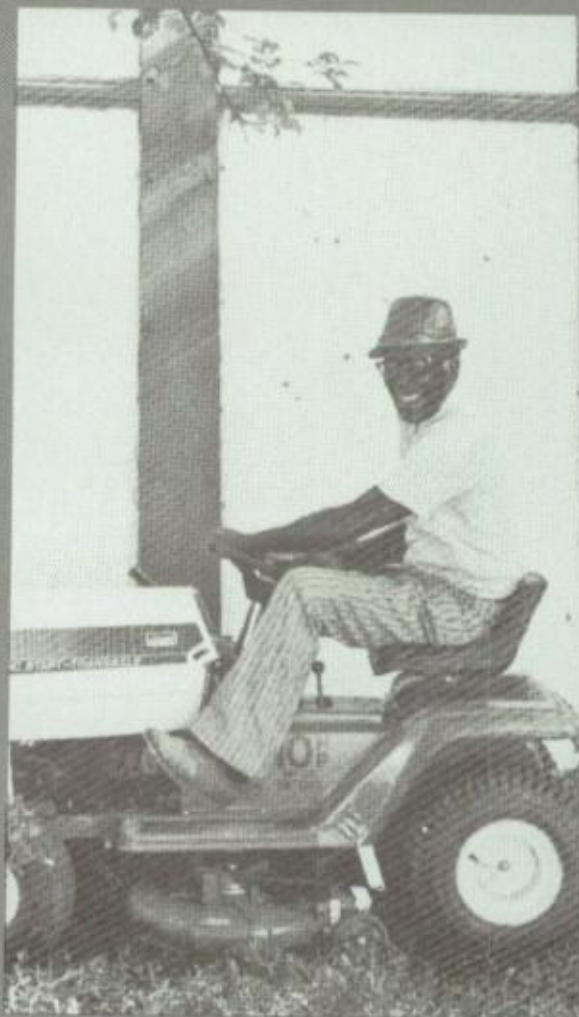






# **EARSLEY MATLOCK**

A part of Walden  
from the beginning —  
His painting, patching and  
repairing have maintained  
our building.  
His caring, his faith, and his  
prayers have maintained  
our spirit.





# *Seniors*

1983-84





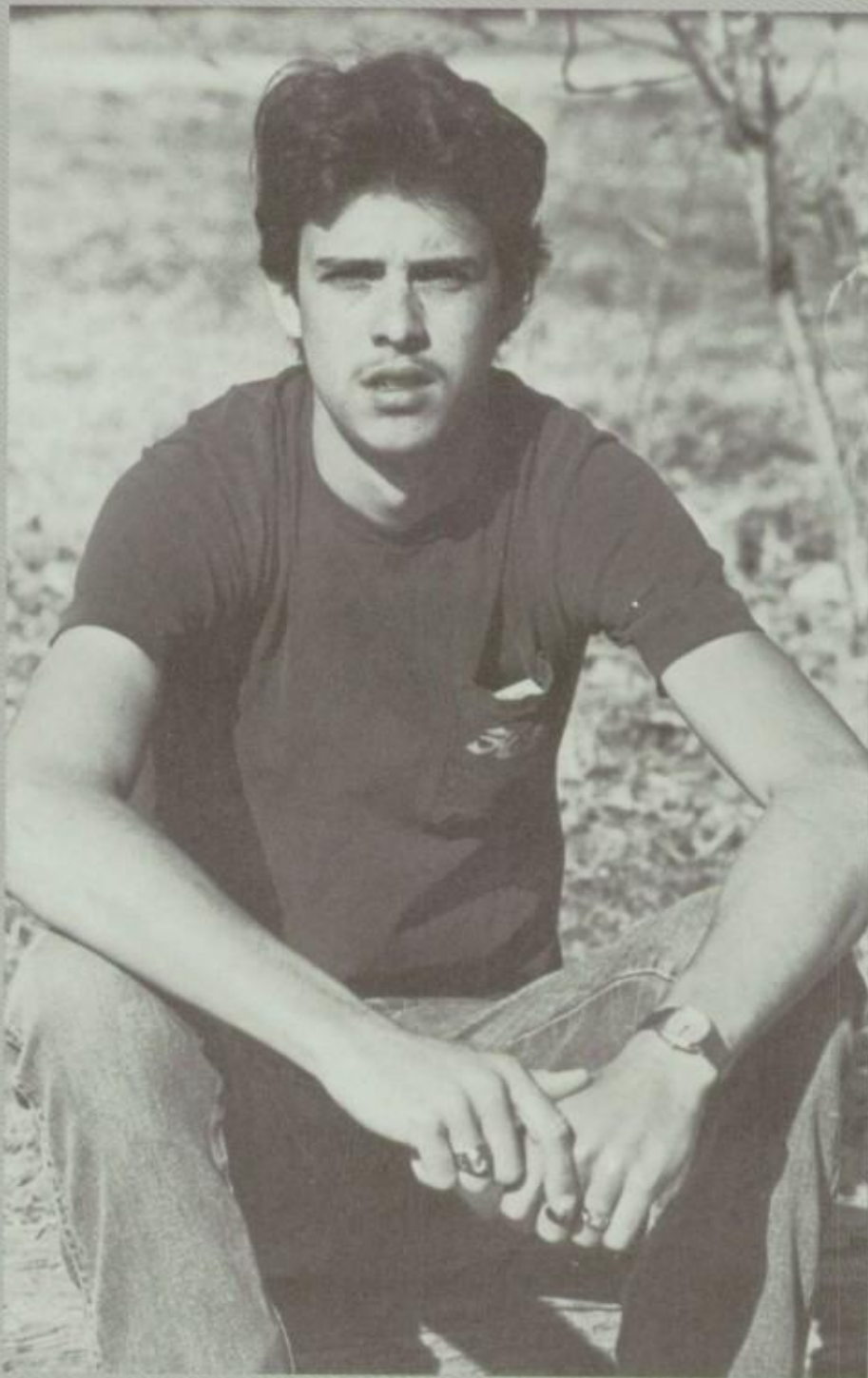


Tracy Williams

To love what you do and feel that it matters — how could anything be more fun?

— Katherine Graham

To be able to be caught up into the world of thought — that is to be educated.

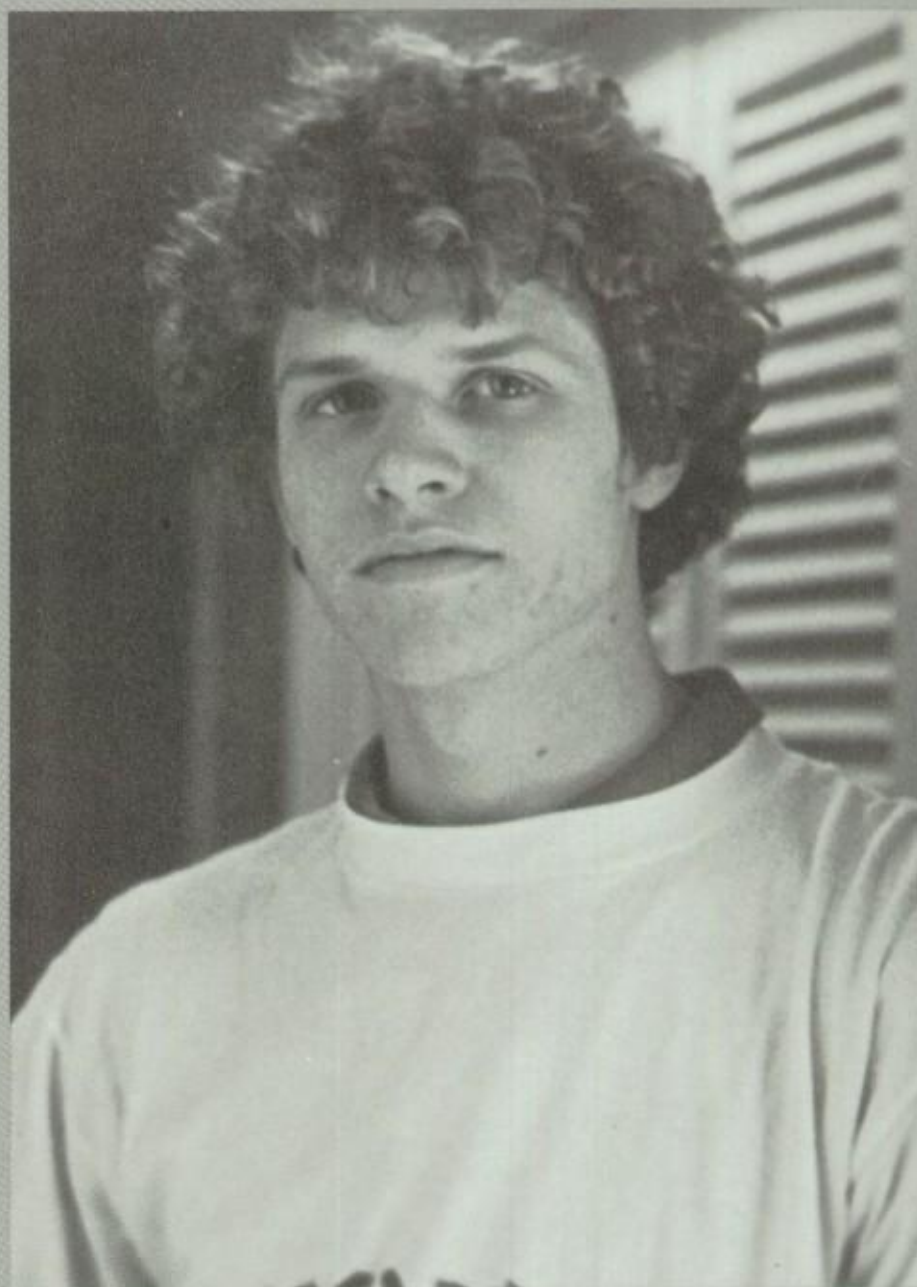


Brad Scott

Smooth operator, tall, dark, always behind the wheel of a neat car.







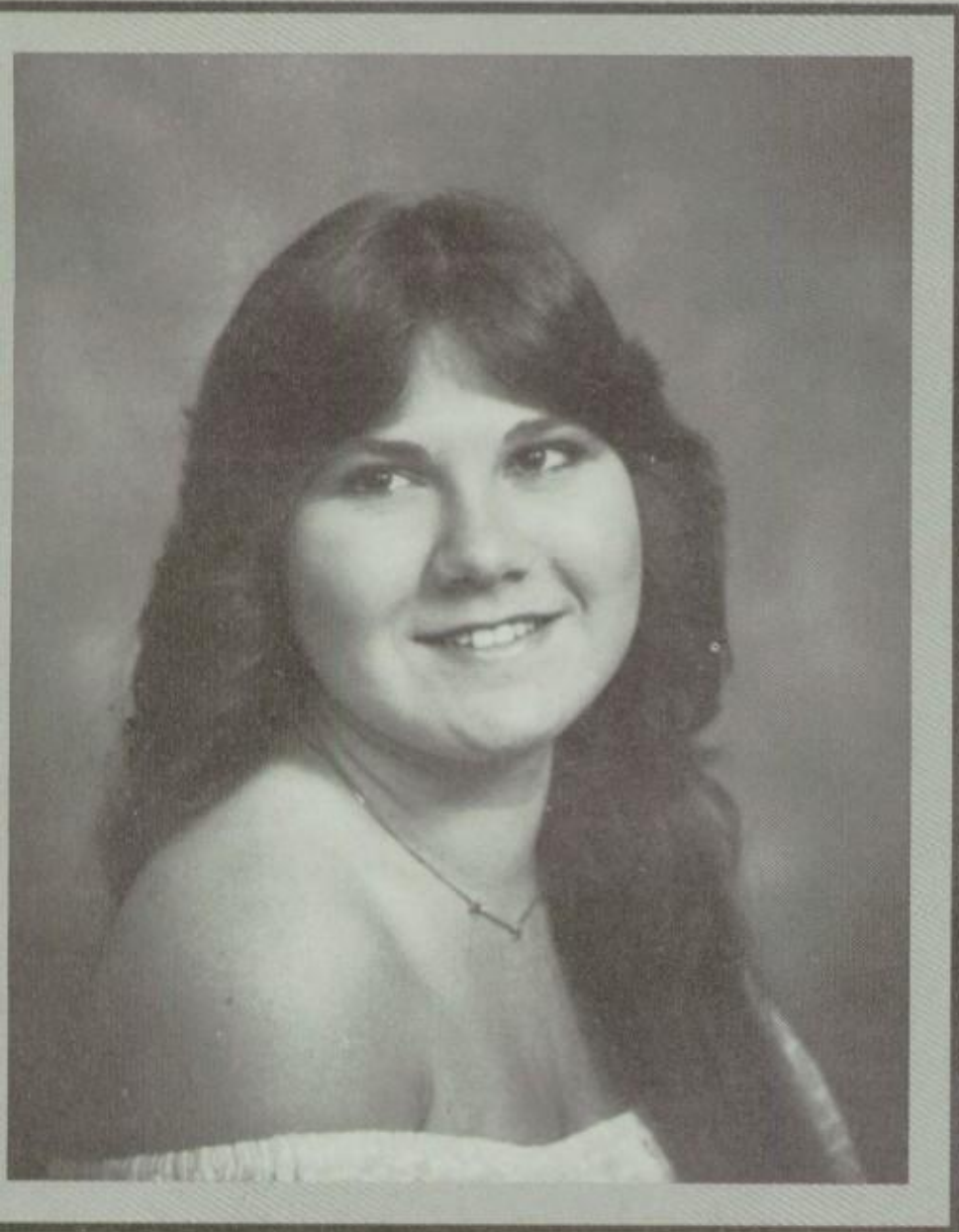
Mike Glover



Amy Jones

Stop at nothin.  
Look at fate in  
the face.  
Don't take no for  
an answer.  
Grab the lead in  
the race.





Nancy Woods

What is freedom?  
It is something  
we hunger for.  
We seek the physical  
and spiritual  
freedom.  
We worship the rose  
for its beauty and strength —  
The eagle  
for its soaring flight.  
To me freedom is the light.



Jennifer Derby

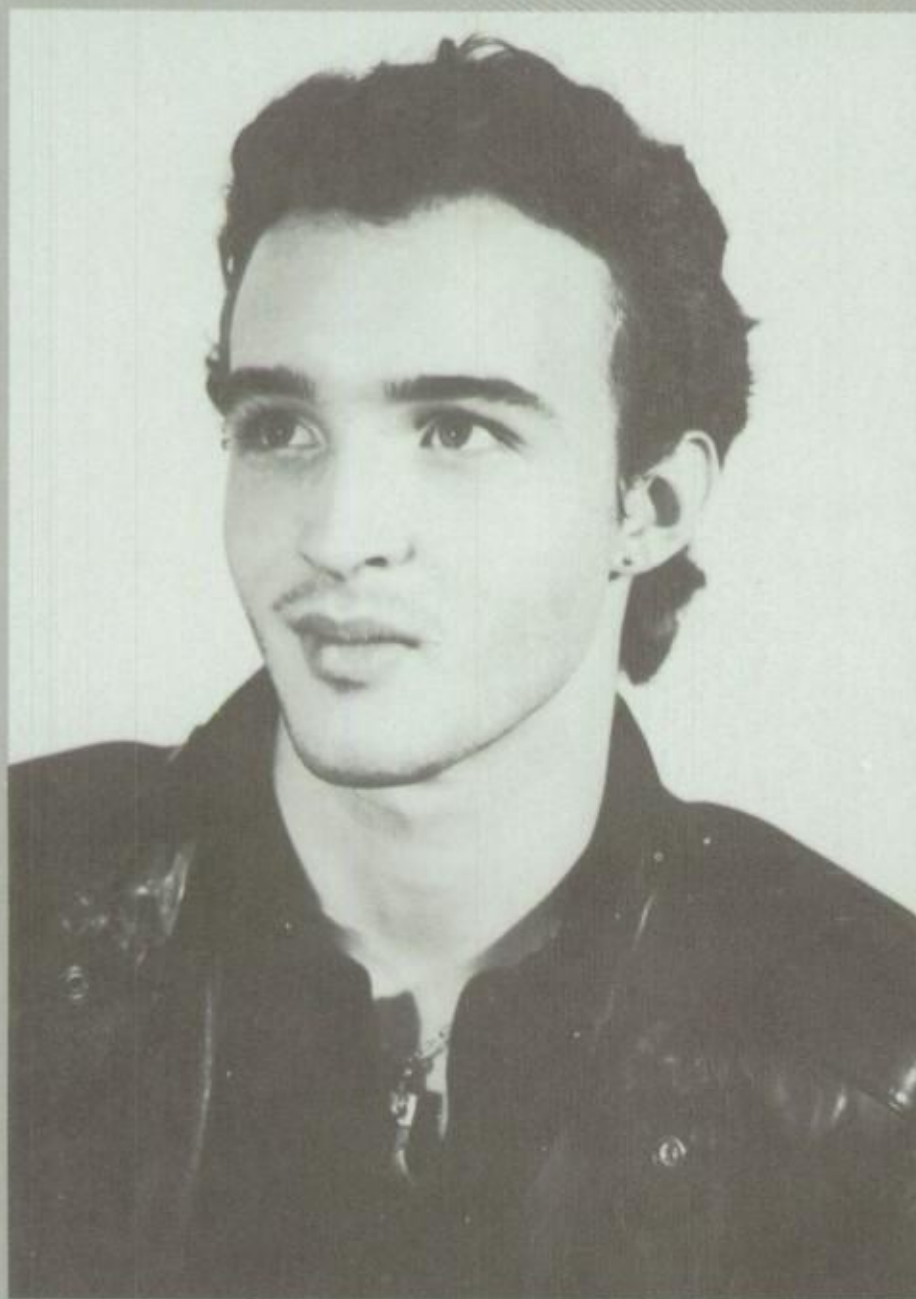


If God did not exist, it would  
be necessary to invent Him.



Lisl Schwalm

"Hell bent for leather."



Bart Kennemar





Nancy Bronson

A dream in your mind is no  
more than a wish in your  
heart.



Jeff Morris

"Time may change me, but I can't  
change time."

— David Bowie



Sarah Morris



I and I/Patience have now long  
time gone.  
— Steel Pulse



Kris Rainho



Lisa Minkoff

"It's not the size of the ship, it's  
the motion of the ocean.  
Nourish the mind with positive  
fertilizer; for it is the food for  
growth, and the water for  
talent"



To reject change is ridiculous;  
without progressive reform the  
changing needs of society can-  
not be met.



John Smith



Gloria Sepulveda

My friends I know the time has  
come, the end for a few, the  
beginning for some. There's no  
place to hide, nowhere to run.  
What do we do when  
everything's done? Do we close  
out the world until we are  
numb? Do we party all night?  
Enjoy and have fun? Whatever  
you choose accepted, or  
shunned, just believe in your  
heart that you're still number  
one.



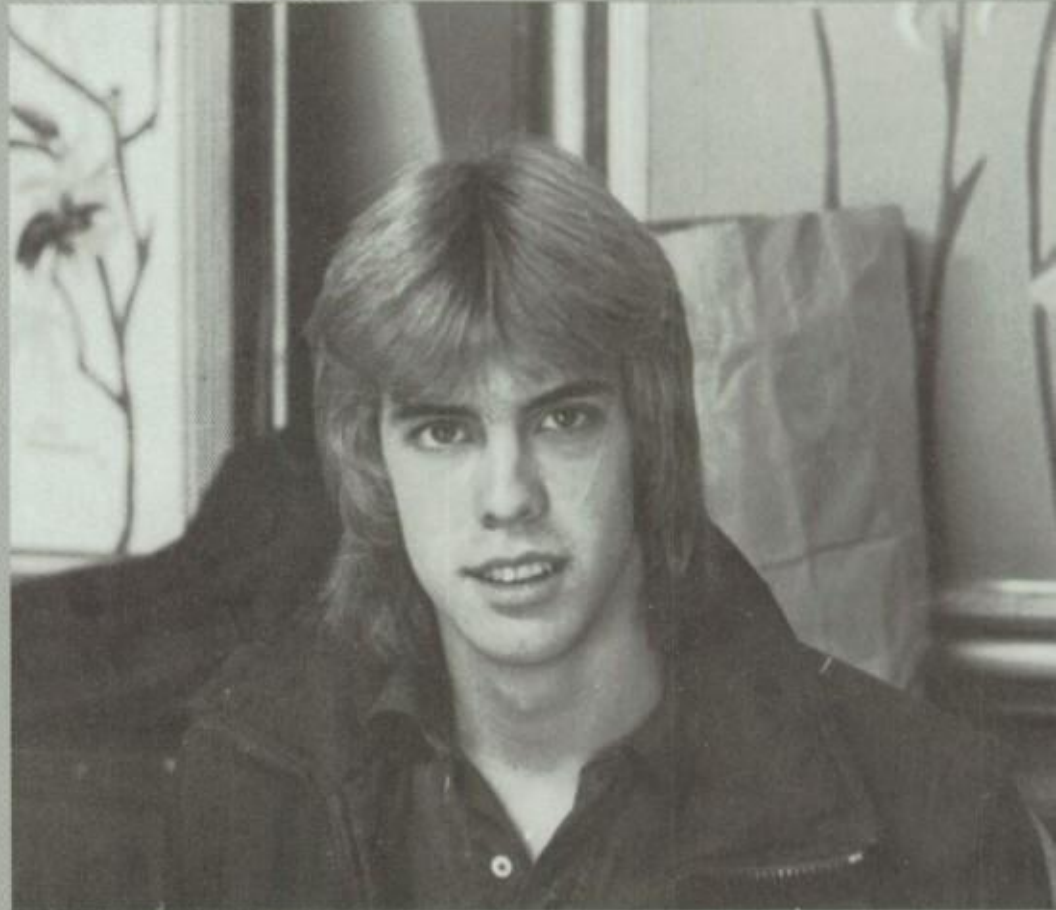


Melanie Fox

"If you listen very hard The tune  
will come to you at last. When  
all are one and one is all To be a  
rock and not to roll."

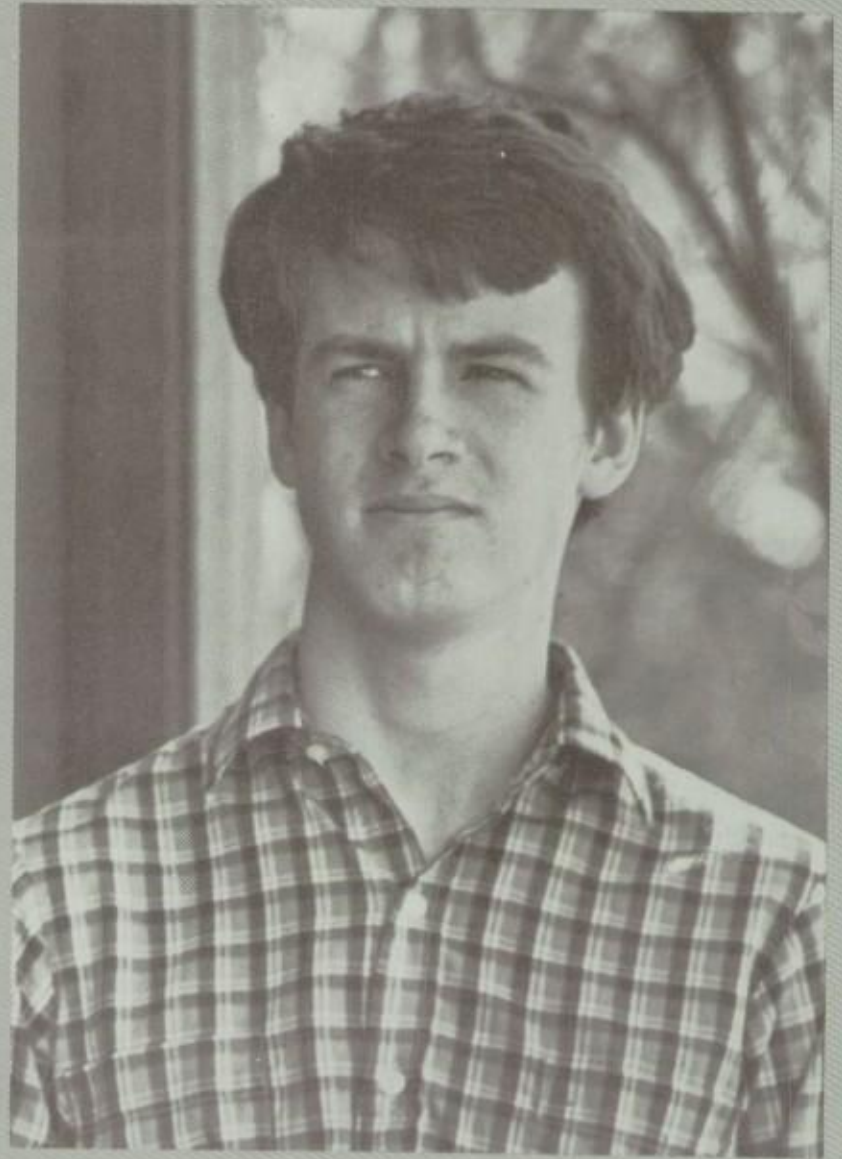
— Led Zeppelin

"I'm taking my time I'm just  
moving along. They'll forget  
about me after I've been gone."  
— Boston



Bill Cody





Jim Alexander



Trish Pezdirtz

People were made to be loved  
and things were made to be  
used. Trouble begins when we  
reverse this and begin to love  
things and use people.





Pat Shepard

Welcome back my friends. To  
the show that never ends.  
We're so glad you could attend.  
Come inside, come inside. —  
ELP

When you have a dream and  
you give it up you die along with  
it.



Traci Brooks



No yesterdays are ever wasted for  
those who give themselves to  
today.



Karen Owen

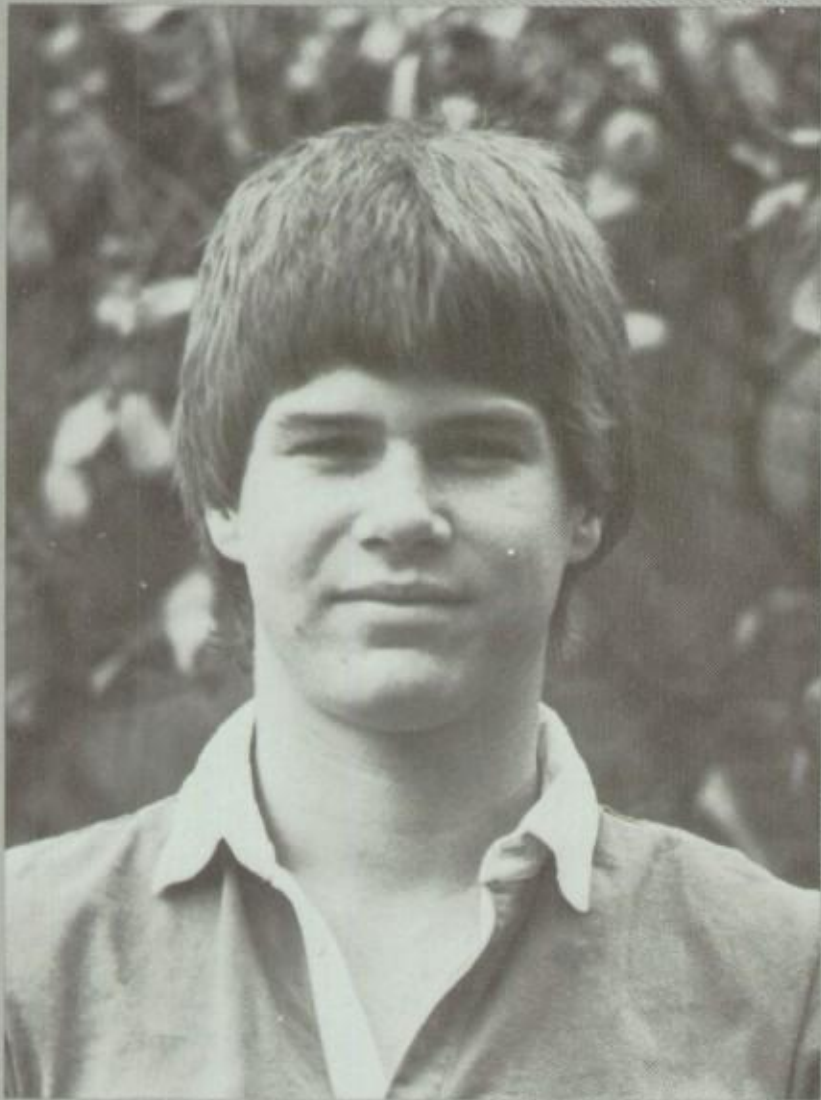


Vonda Welch

"... It had been written, that  
those who have the youth have  
the future ..."

— Nikki Sixx  
Motley Crue





Jon Hutchinson



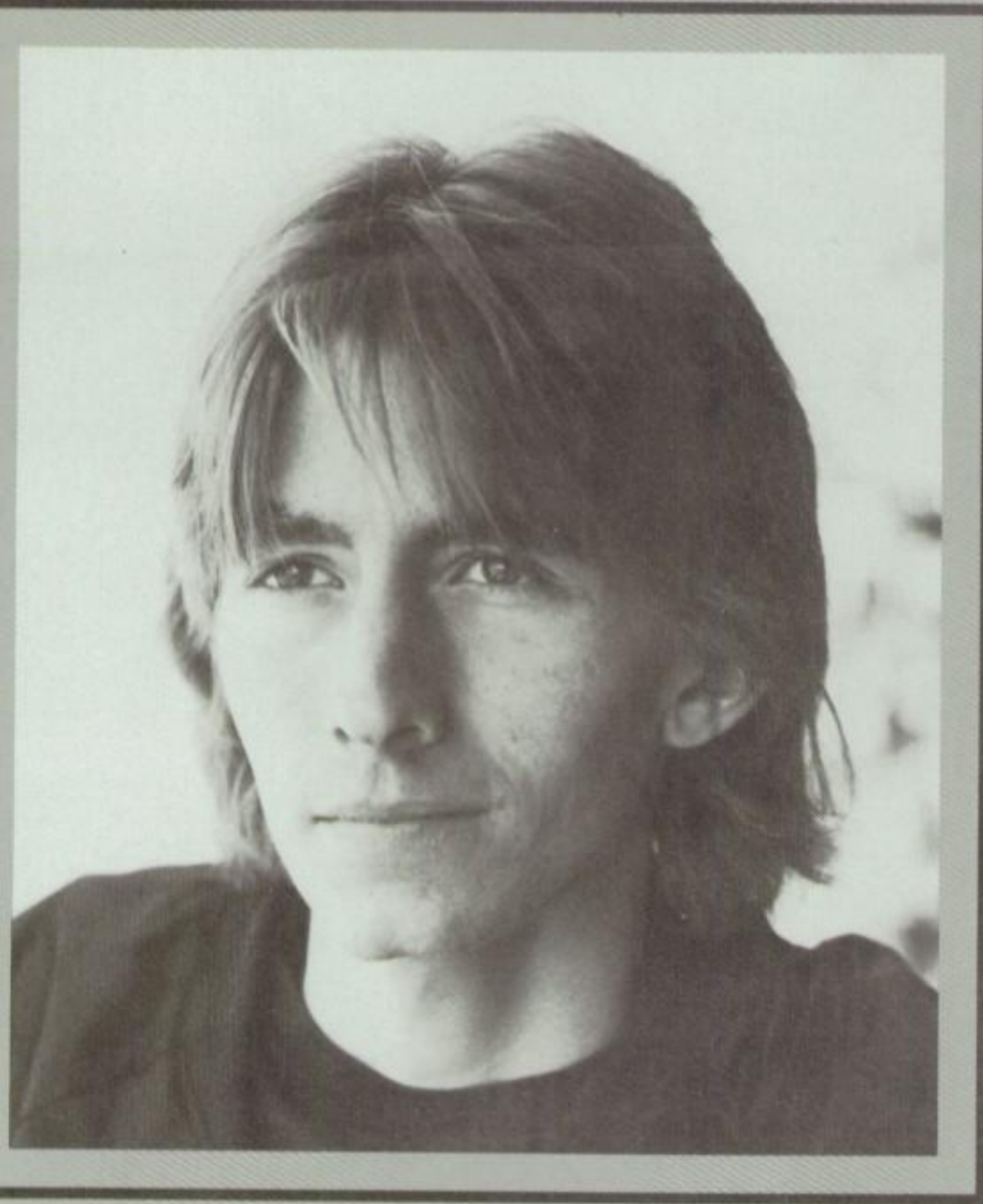
Tom Wareham



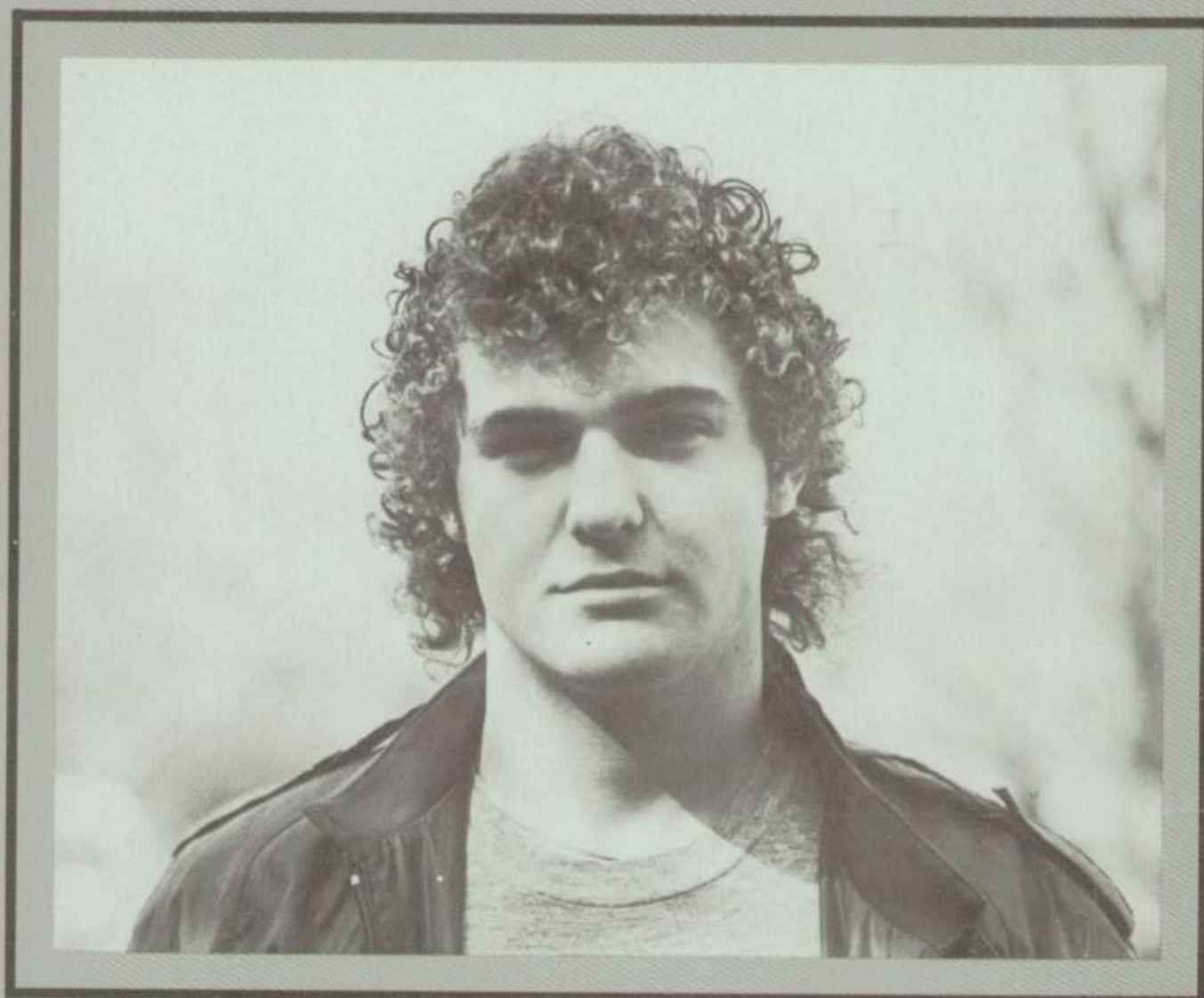
Debbie Lenhart







Roger Harder



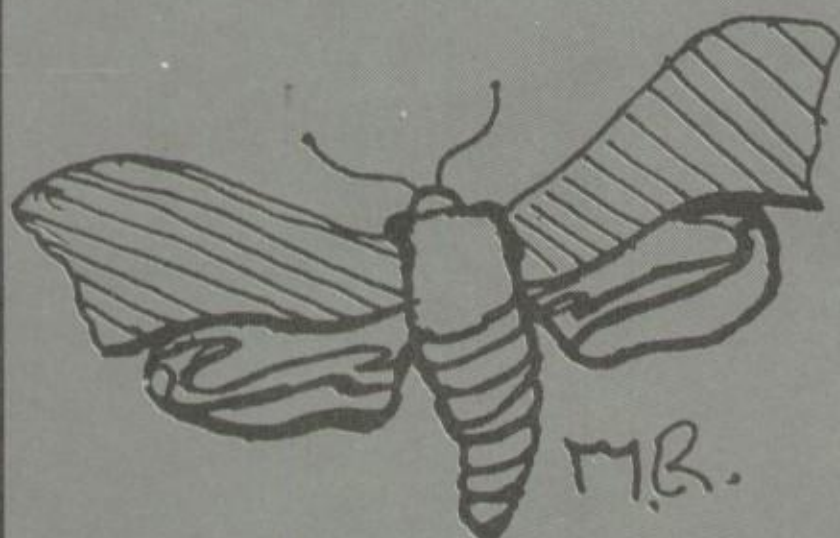
Dee Trees





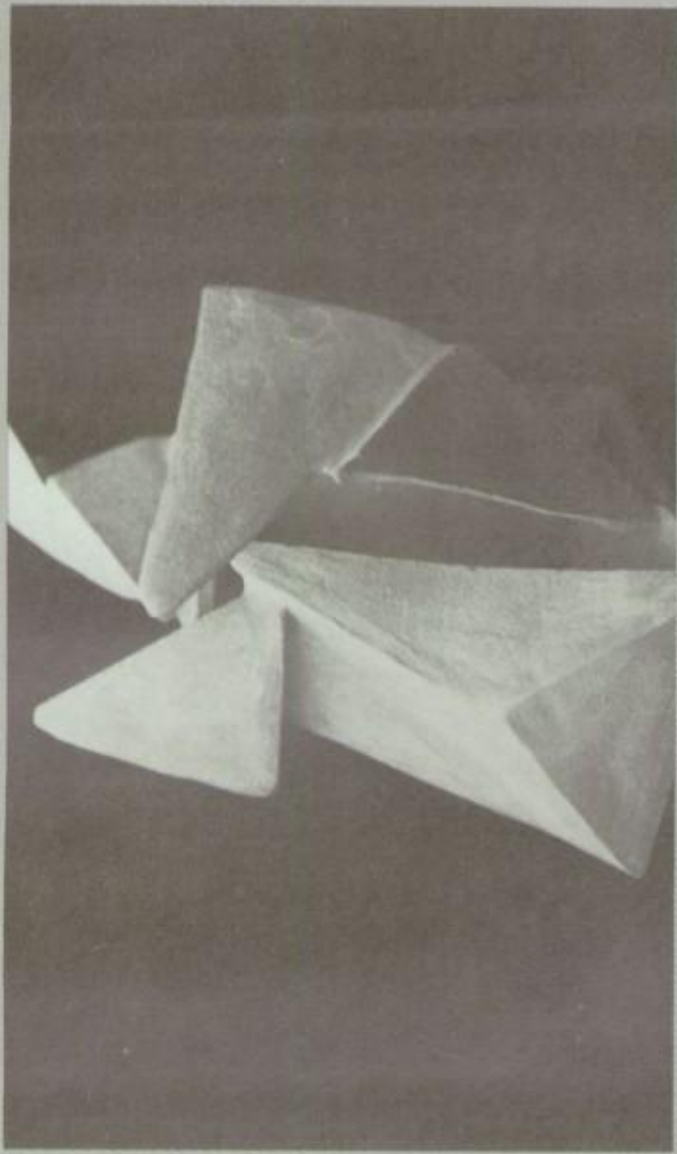
Rhonda Welch

Oh yeah.  
Life goes on  
long after the  
thrill of living  
is gone. — John Cougar

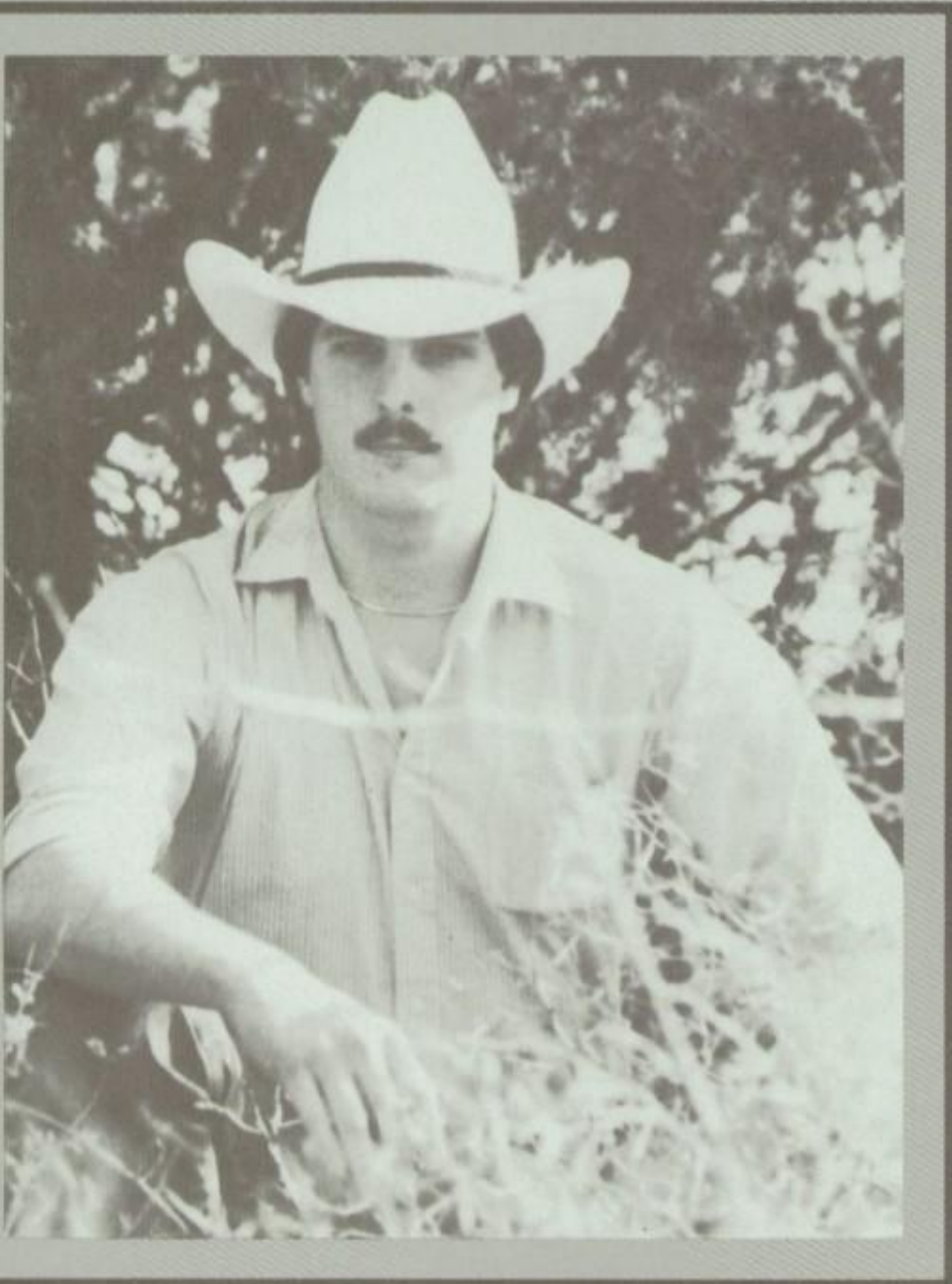


Letha Truitt





Steve Kuehler



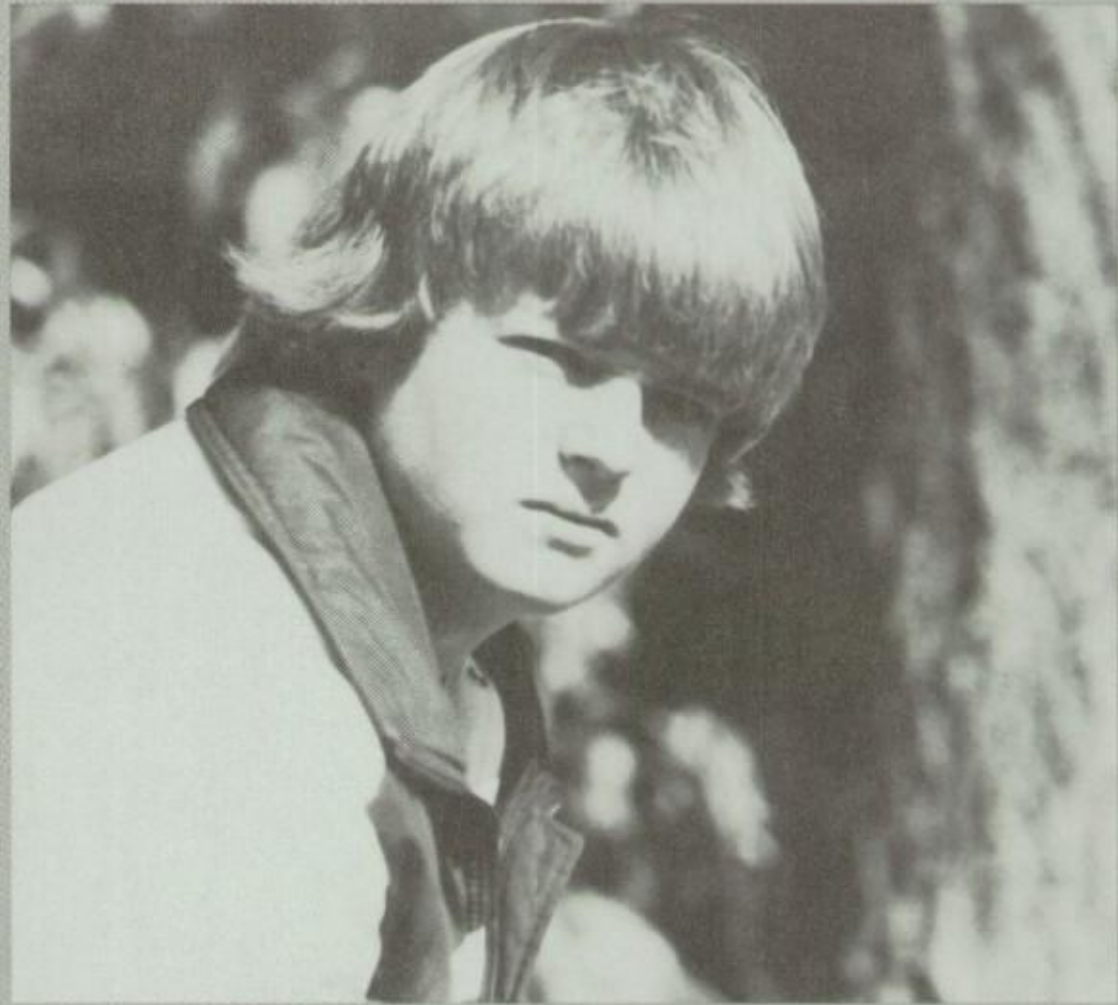
Tom Wallace







Fred Yole



Billy Goode



Lauri Burns

### Marriage Takes Three

I once thought marriage took  
just two to make a go;  
but now I am convinced  
it takes the Lord, also.  
Not one marriage fails where  
Christ is asked to enter  
where lovers come together  
with Jesus as the center.  
Marriage seldom thrives and  
homes are incomplete  
'til He is welcome there  
to help avoid defeat.  
In homes where Christ is first  
it's obvious to see  
those unions really work  
for marriage still take three.



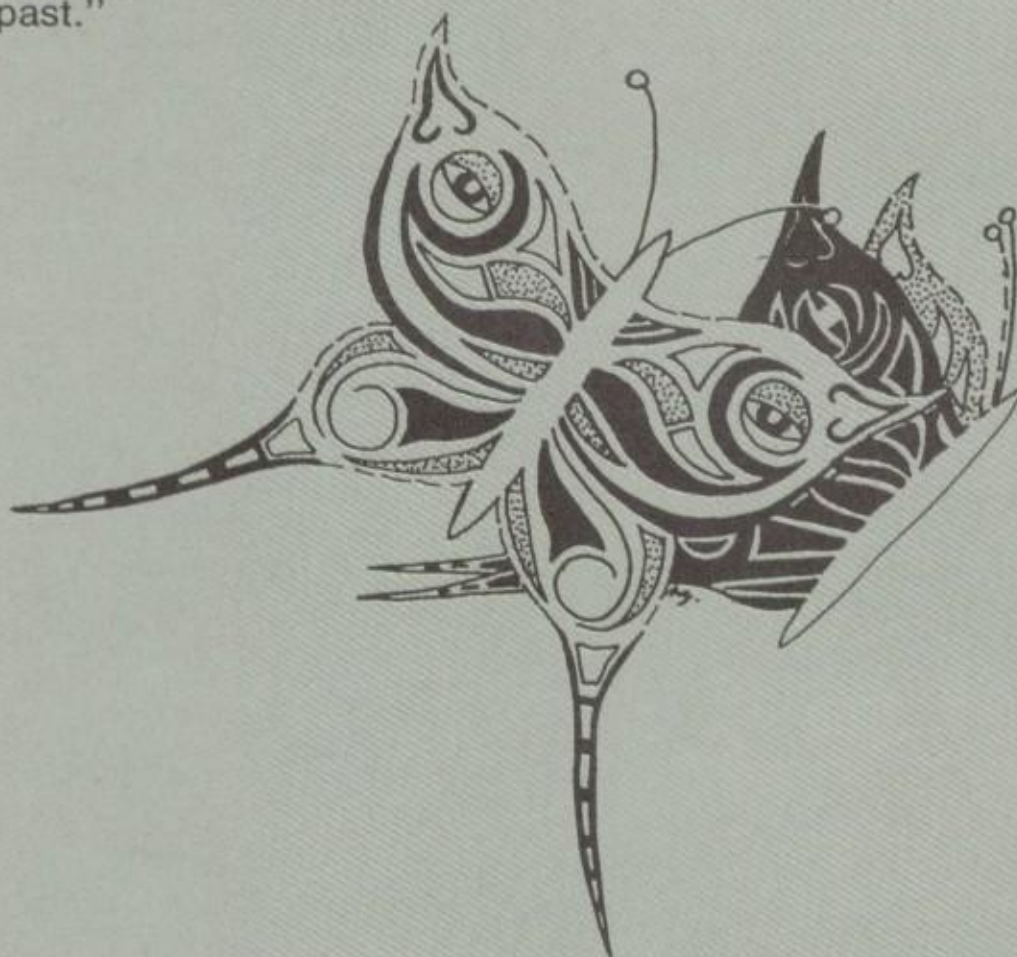


Lanne Waller



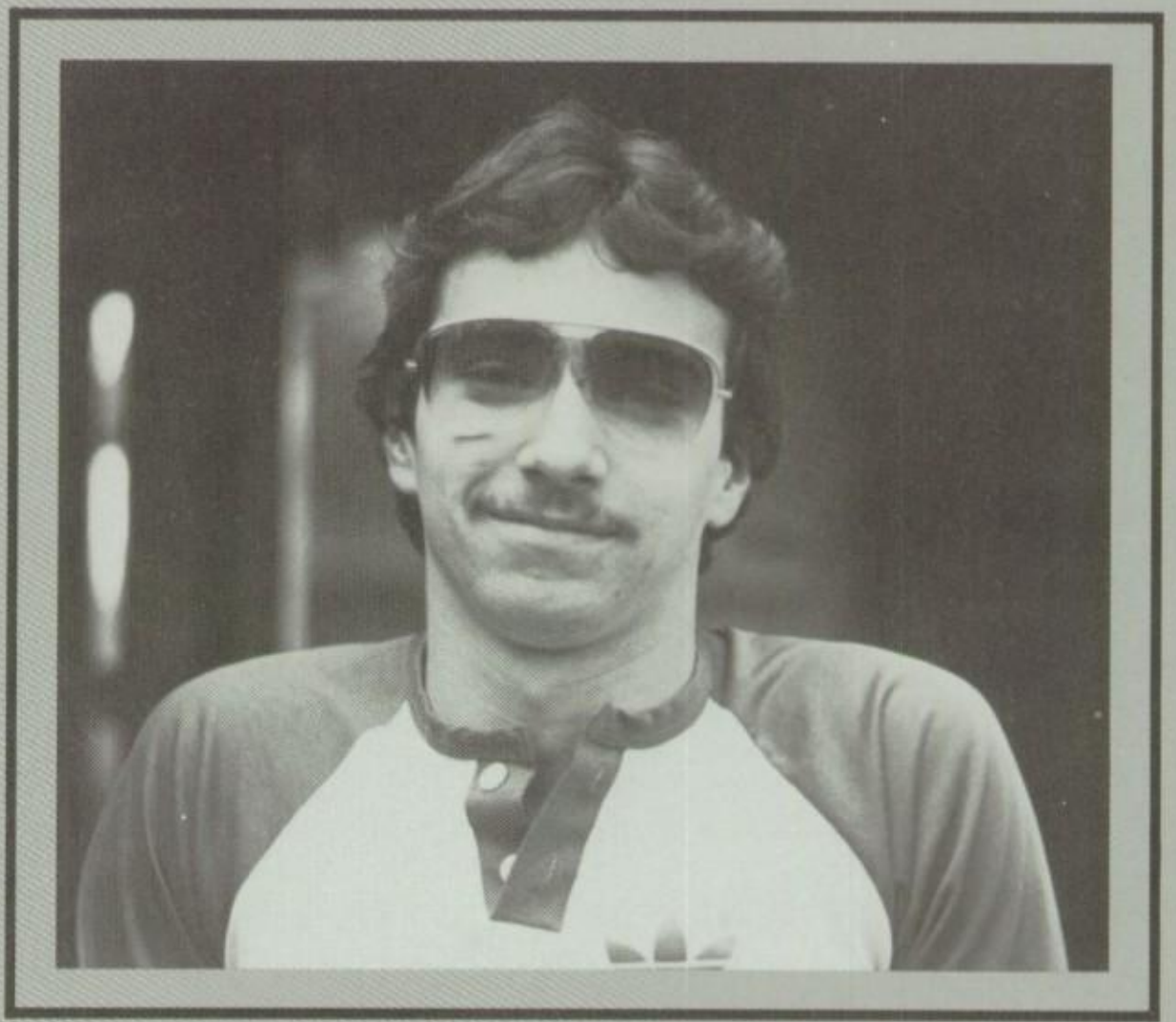
Cherie Stewart

"Life is but a memory.  
So make it last,  
You can't bring back  
What has past."



Drawing by Ulrike Gasprian

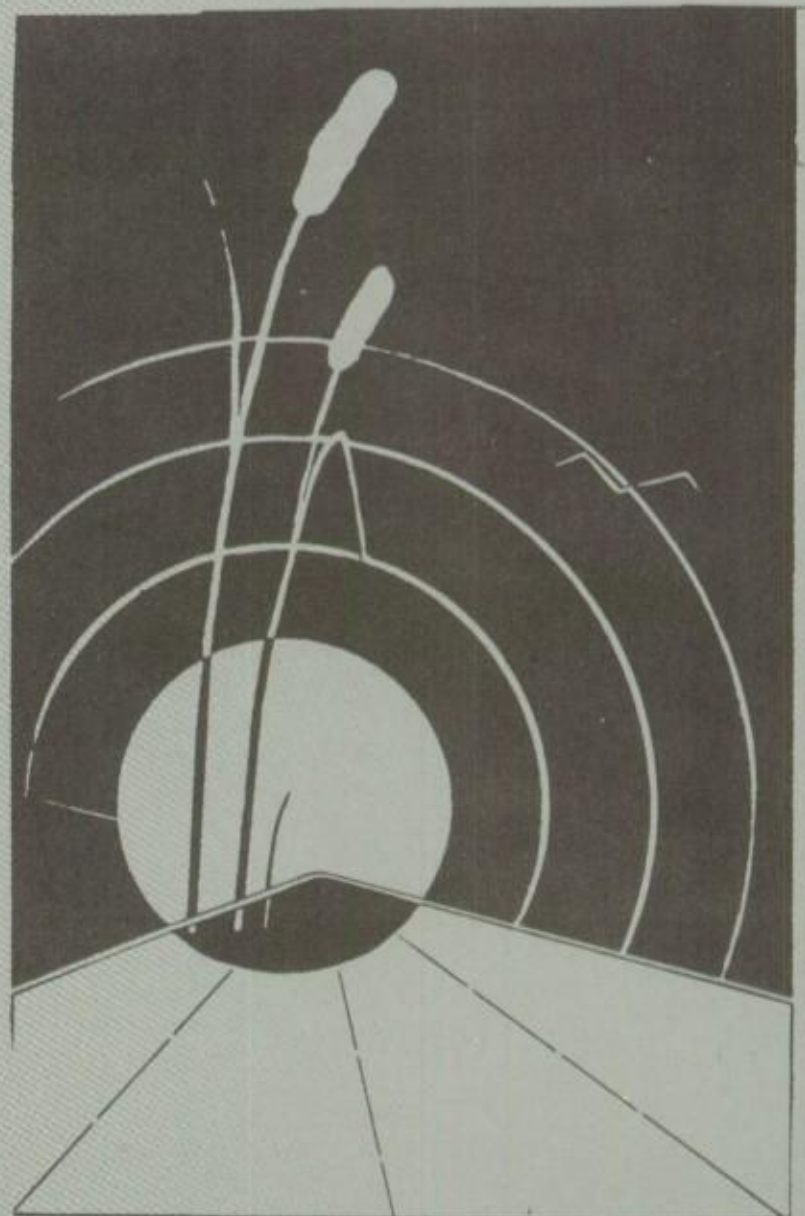




Nick Gurnas



Craig Pate

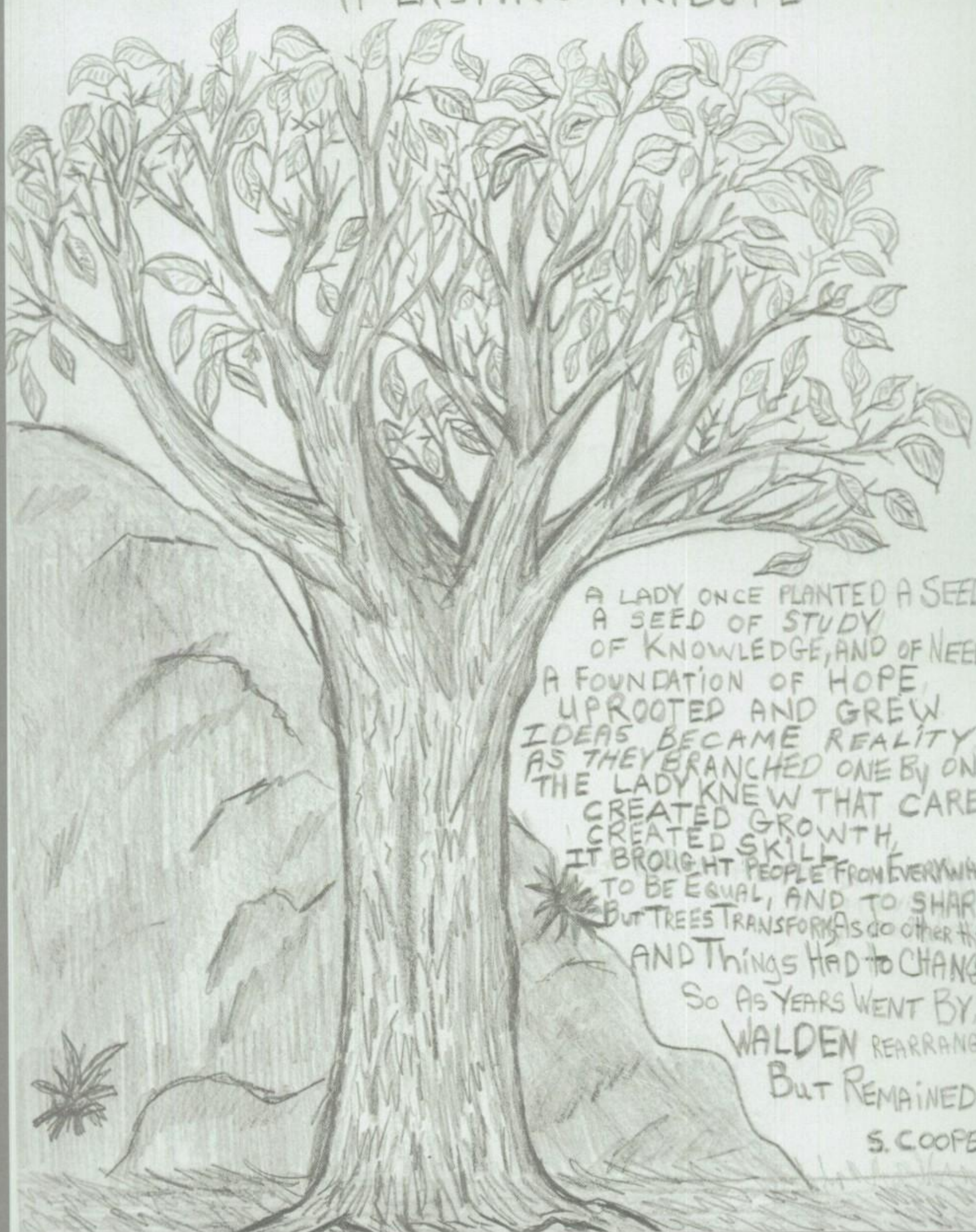








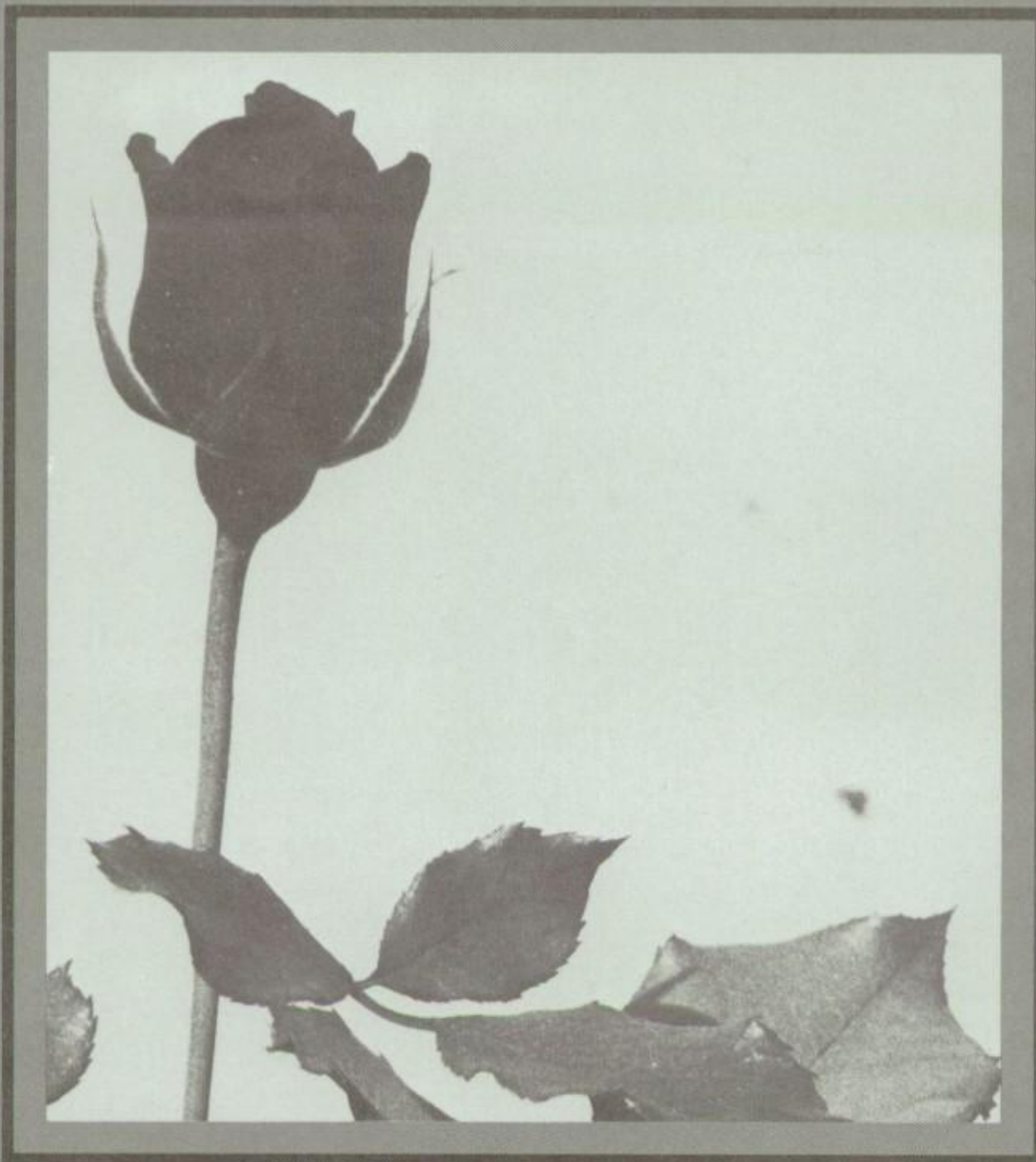
## A LASTING TRIBUTE



A LADY ONCE PLANTED A SEED  
A SEED OF STUDY  
OF KNOWLEDGE, AND OF NEED  
A FOUNDATION OF HOPE,  
UPROOTED AND GREW.  
IDEAS BECAME REALITY  
AS THEY BRANCHED ONE BY ONE  
THE LADY KNEW THAT CARE  
CREATED GROWTH,  
IT BROUGHT SKILL  
TO BE EQUAL, AND TO SHARE  
BUT TREES TRANSFORM AS DO OTHER THINGS  
AND THINGS HAD TO CHANGE  
SO AS YEARS WENT BY,  
WALDEN REARRANGED  
BUT REMAINED.

S. COOPER





photograph by Peggie Rowe

I wish love were something that you could see with your eyes, touch with your fingers, or hold in your hand. Love is none of those things, though. If it were, perhaps we could better understand its nature. If love were an object, there are those who would try to capture it and put it in a box to hold as their's forever. Even now, there are those who try to put love in a cage. It is not the love that is caged, but the body that holds the love. With time, the love that is not free to move as it pleases soon withers and dies, leaving behind an empty heart.

In some ways love can be seen, touched, held — but not with the naked eye or finger tip. It is, however, what makes a hug warm, or kisses sweet to the taste. Love, the most illusive creature, is all around those who are willing to share, to trust — to risk baring their hearts to the world. The next time you hold someone close, or look into the eyes of someone in love, you'll see it, and you'll feel it. Love is what makes the heart beat faster.

by Trish Booten



## The Tree In Twilight

The tree at the end of the corner  
is bound by roots  
and its desire to reach the stars.  
And in a way,  
isn't the tree like you and me?  
For in our fight  
for height and strength  
don't we sometimes overshadow  
our nearby friends?  
And in the end,  
don't people and trees  
end up in the same tomb?  
The tree is fashioned  
into man's coffin,  
and together,  
they return to the earth.  
by Derek James



photograph by Mike Glover



Fear is orange.  
It rings in your ears.  
It burns your nose with an icy sting.  
It leaves the taste of metal in your mouth.  
Fear pierces like a lightening bolt.

— John Smith

Loneliness is grey.  
It sounds like a person running  
from something.  
It smells like a musty day.  
It tastes like a stale cigarette.  
Loneliness feels like a never-ending day.

— Debbie Unger

Hate is a deep, dark brown.  
It sounds like two cats fighting  
in the night.  
It smells like stale air  
in a dark room.  
It tastes like sour wine.  
Hate is a burning sensation.

— Rita Brennan

Love smells of soapy water,  
mixed with an air  
of forgotten cigarettes.

The taste of love is that of a fine wine — but it is not always served in a crystal glass. Love feels like a butterfly softly caressing your skin. Love sounds like a band, the drummer producing a moving beat, the bassist altering the beat of your heart, a guitarist emitting loud shrieks which only he and his guitar understand. And all the time, the vocalist singing the words others wish to hear.

— Bart Kennemar

Love is red.  
It sounds like  
two happy people.  
It smells like  
a perfumed room.  
It tastes like  
a wet kiss.  
Love feels like you keep growing  
forever.

— Debbie Unger



## LISTENING

Bach

I am walking alone in the forrest. The trees are all so tall and the leaves so green. The redbirds are singing. It sounds as if there is a distant waterfall. I am surrounded by big beautiful flowers. I can hear the crispness of leaves under my feet. I soon felt as if I was in a daze, just floating in space among the bright shining stars. They are getting brighter and brighter. I soon am back in the forrest, sitting under a tree. I am becoming very drowsy. I am relaxed and very content.

Chopin

I am riding a beautiful black stallion very near the ocean. There is an endless shore line. I soon begin to gallop faster and faster, and then begin to slow. I stop and get off the horse. I stand looking at the beautiful golden sunset. I am walking along the ocean with the horse. The crisp, cold waves caress my feet, and I am soon compelled to go deeper into the beckoning green waters.

— Nancy Woods

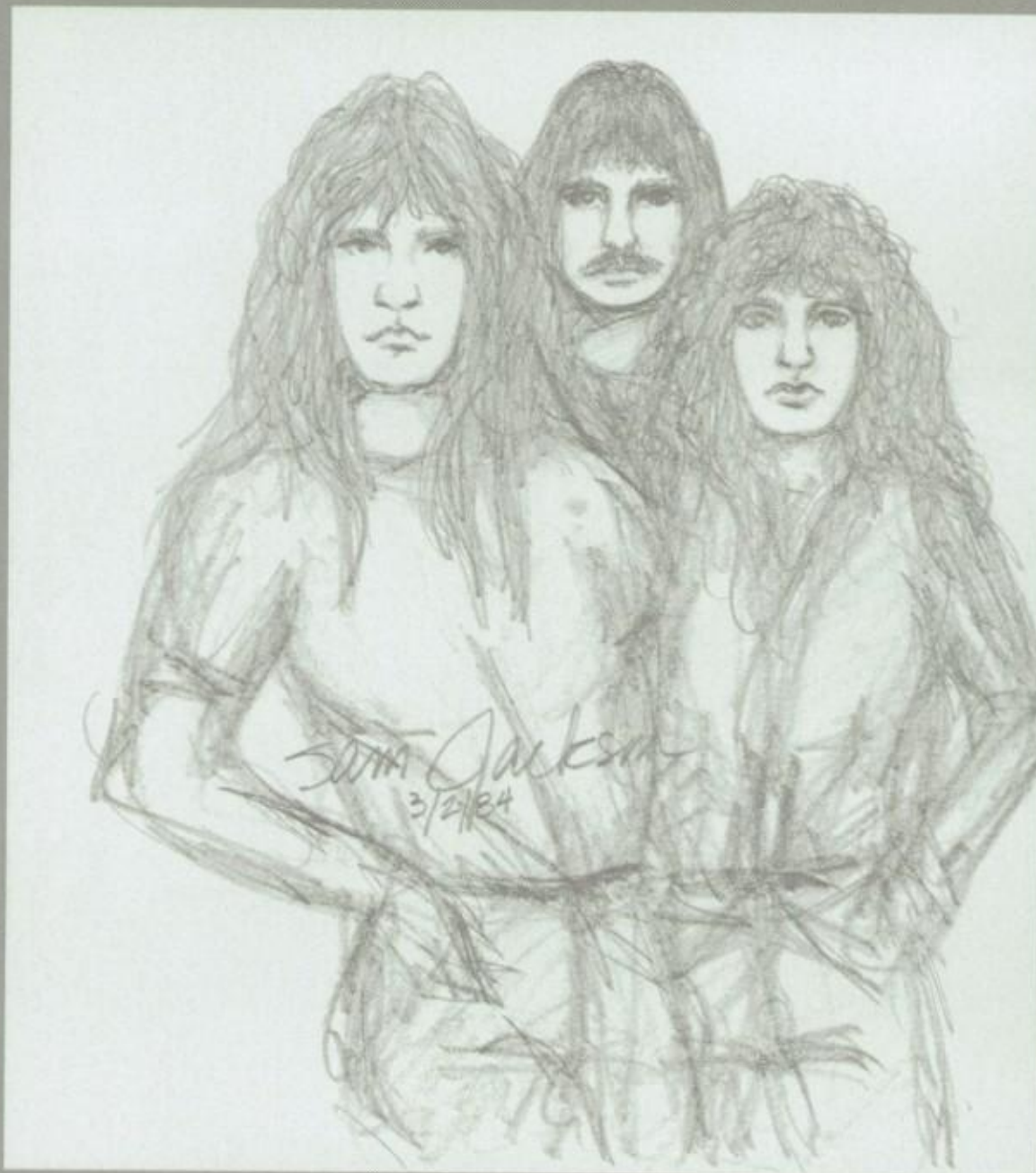




### My Life

What is life? What is time?  
I just keep moving on.  
I wake to each morning,  
and then the day is gone.  
I have my friends,  
and I know they're always there.  
So tell me why I ask myself  
just how many really care?  
Am I the only one?  
I think "wow", I'm fourteen.  
But what have I done;  
Has my life had meaning?  
Will I ever know?  
It seems I'm lost within myself  
sometimes I feel so low.

The world is not a reality;  
It's a game with faces and days.  
No one knows the reason,  
but everybody plays.  
What is trust?  
What is love?  
Two things we never found.  
Could I be the only one?  
Are those things still around?  
Is this my life?  
Is this my world?  
I'm tied up in such a mess,  
trying and searching  
everywhere,  
for one thing — happiness.  
— Amy Broyles





Poem for Katharine

She's new like young leaves,  
born in spring.  
She's got soft blonde hair  
and smooth dimpled cheeks.  
Dark distinct eyebrows  
highlight her large  
blue eyes.  
She smiles.  
When you return that  
smile, from somewhere  
deep down and hidden  
your awkward gesture  
becomes real.

— Stephen Houpt



photograph by Mike Glover



Leader of a young revolution,  
Unskilled, but instinctive,  
dominated by confusion.  
Anger is lurking in the corners,  
preparing its attack.  
As anger grows more powerful,  
confusion's power begins to dissolve.  
Anger takes over —  
Hostility towards everyone —  
Life becomes miserable  
with each day worse  
than the one before,  
until you realize you must  
gain control again.  
When this happens,  
Anger fades away,  
realizing it has lost the war.

— Rita Brennan

— Nancy Woods



photograph by Amy Jones







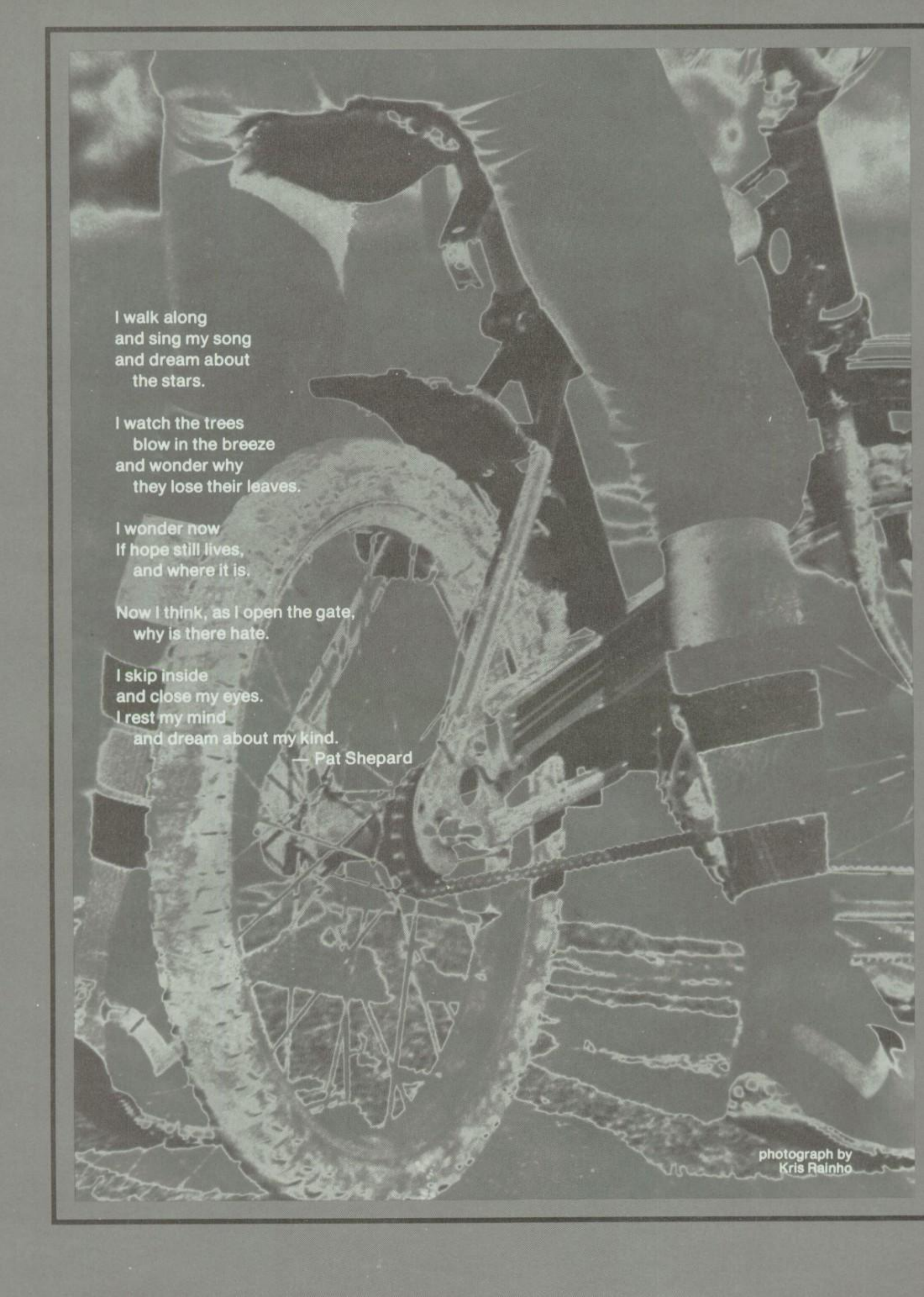
There is nothing that equals  
the patience  
of a cat.  
Framed in the windowsill  
like carved ivory,  
unblinking,  
she waits  
for my return.  
Fickle,  
and merely human,  
I am often late.  
But she will be there,  
her eyes focused serenely  
on her own cat world,  
waiting  
as the afternoon  
fades into twilight.  
Constancy — not a human trait —  
possesses an undeniable power,  
and her presence,  
as compelling as a beacon  
in the window,  
draws me home.

— Linda Shasberger



photograph  
by  
Peggie Rowe



A black and white photograph of a person playing a guitar. The person is seen from the side, with their head tilted back and eyes closed, suggesting a moment of intense emotion or connection with the music. The guitar is a hollow-body electric guitar, and the person is wearing a dark shirt. The background is dark and out of focus, with some light reflecting off the guitar's body and the person's hair.

I walk along  
and sing my song  
and dream about  
the stars.

I watch the trees  
blow in the breeze  
and wonder why  
they lose their leaves.

I wonder now  
if hope still lives,  
and where it is.

Now I think, as I open the gate,  
why is there hate.

I skip inside  
and close my eyes.  
I rest my mind  
and dream about my kind.

— Pat Shepard

photograph by  
Kris Rainho



There are clear days when  
a knot develops in the throat,  
a fear that it all is too good,  
too beautiful:

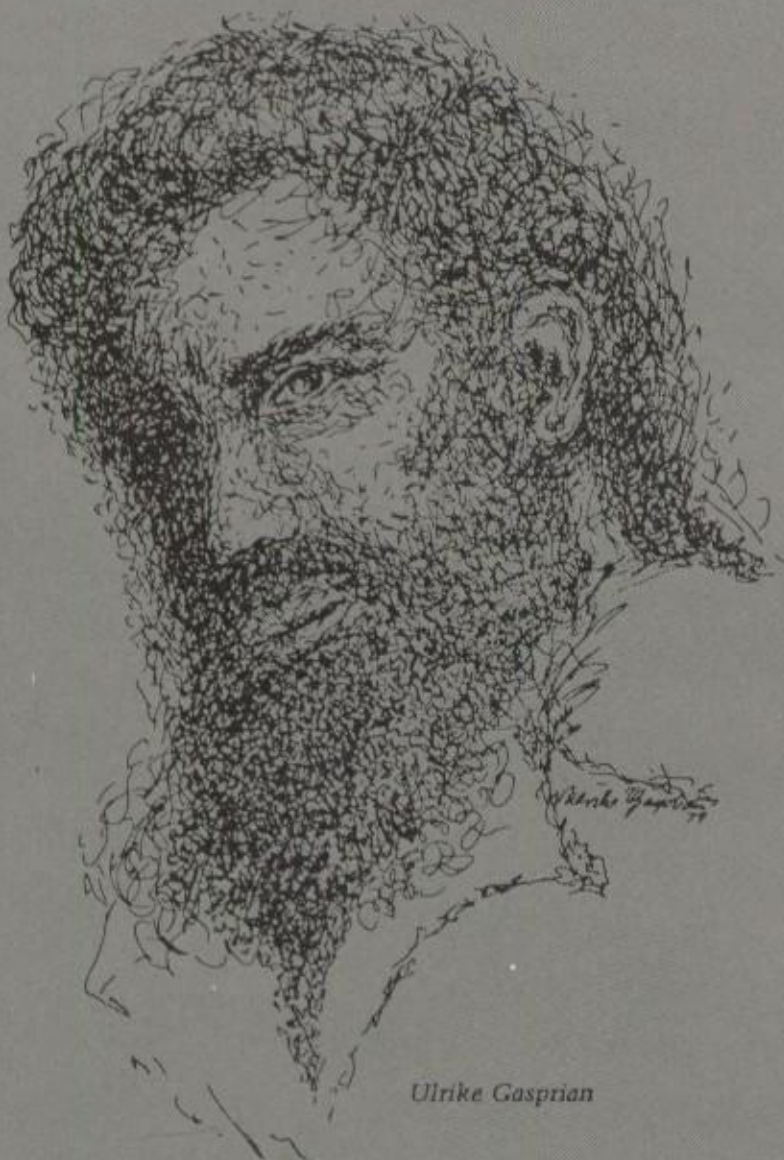
the purest blue sky and a breeze  
and a love that scares to death,  
squeezes the breath from lungs,  
a panic . . .

the purest blue opens doors to the blackest night.  
Beyond this high is an anguish  
so overwhelming  
that the fear is enough  
to suffocate.

There are dead ends so dreadful  
at the end of roads so pleasant  
that the fear is enough to wish for quick death,  
an alley way out  
from the inevitable.

This beautiful moment is terror,  
this beautiful day is black with fear.

— Pamela Francis



Ulrike Gasprian



Broken glass,  
like broken dreams  
soon to be  
replaced  
by another pane.



Gazing at the  
forbidden —  
Why does it look  
so green?



Photographs and writing  
by Bart Kennemar



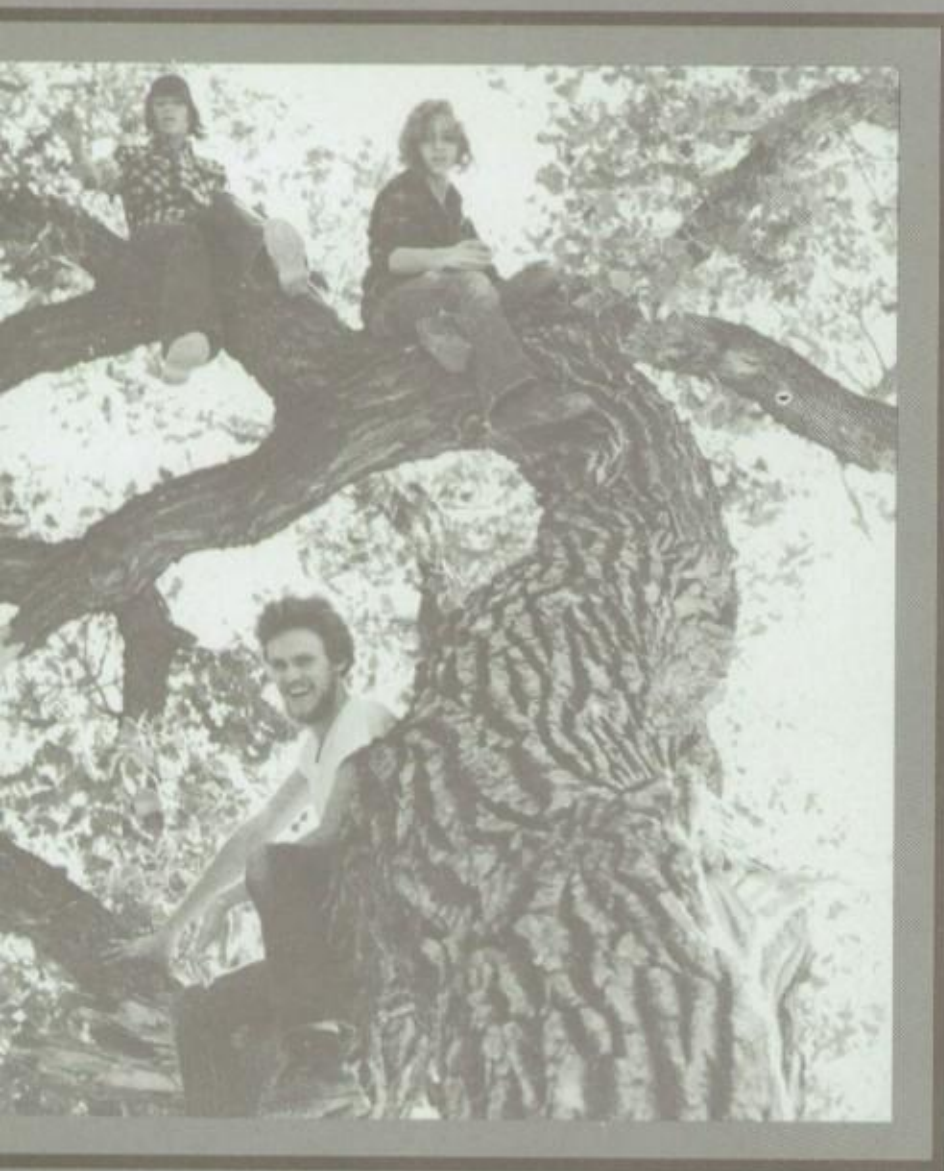
## Atmosphere in an old but new place

Seeing old faces is always a joy, while seeing new faces brings on mixed emotions. Are they gonna be cool or get on our nerves? Are they here to invade, or are they here to join in? The guiding figures, the leaders of the pack, seemed anxious to get the year underway, while still wishing for a day in the sun.

People wandering around lost and confused, and others catching up on the news.

The beginning of the year always interesting, always full of surprises and always full of emotion.

— Cherie Stewart



Changes  
Changing mind  
Changes  
Changing time  
Changes  
Changing the sign  
Changes  
Changing the rhyme  
Changes  
All come in time

— Pat Shepard

## Friends

Times spent together,  
cars we use,  
all the money we spend,  
the clothes we choose.  
Week-end night parties,  
walking in the park,  
telling our fears,  
scared of the dark.  
Money to lend,  
the stuff we buy,  
our "private talks"  
about all the guys.  
The fun we've had  
may it never end.  
We want it to last,  
and always be friends.

— Amy Broyles



Li Po could never write something so beautiful as the song of the nightingale

And Einstein could never invent something so elegant as a tree in spring-time bloom

Napoleon, with all his guns, could never fight something so awesome as a thunderstorm,

While the machines, the never-ending engines that keep a city moving, could never work so hard as the tiny ant.

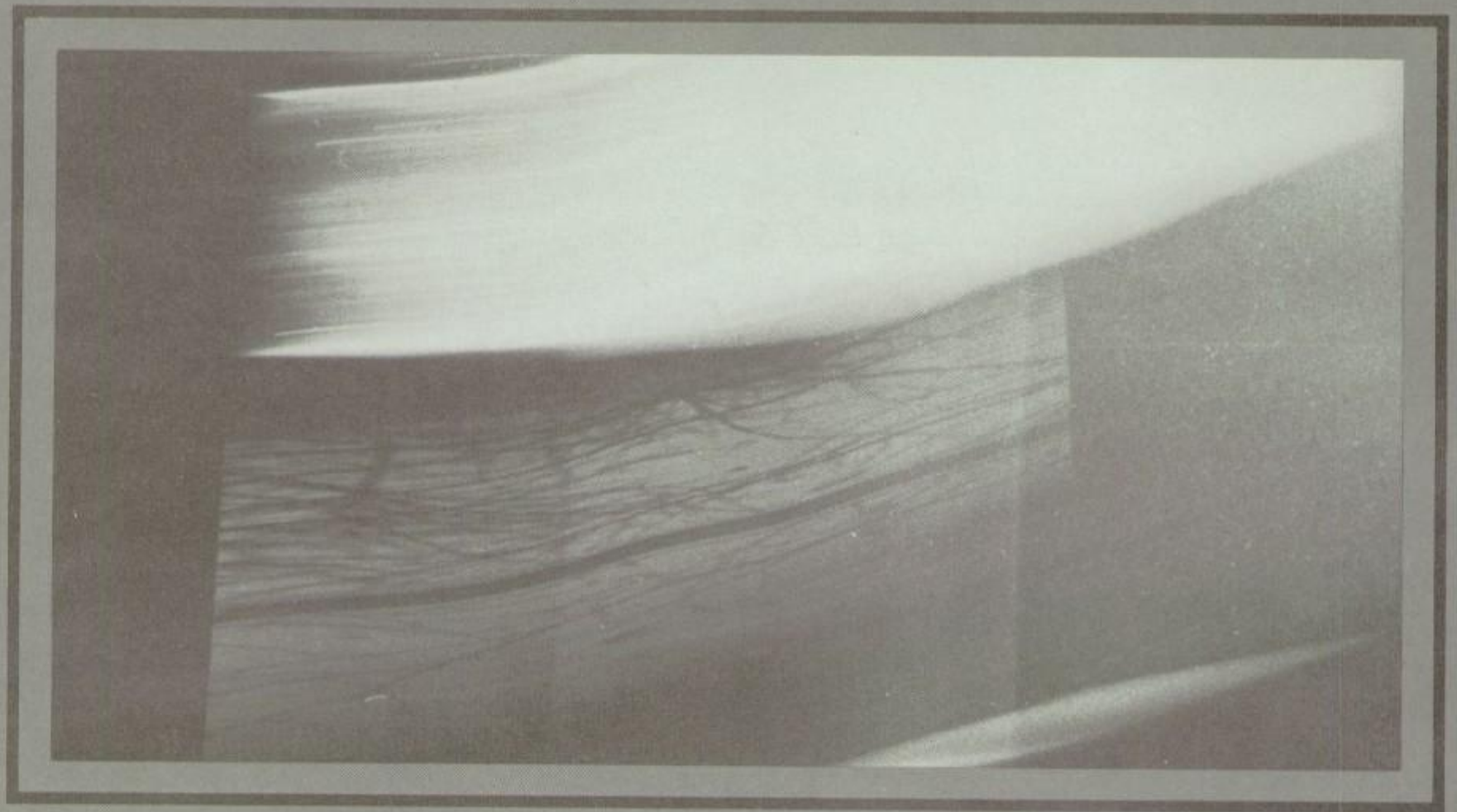
Mankind can destroy the nightingale, the tree, and the ant, with one swift blast.

But I, looking upon the thunderstorm in full force, think a little humility from human-kind, would be in order.

Pamela Francis







My friend and I went on a camping trip, and while we were there, we encountered two men who had escaped from a mental institution. They had been hurt in World War II, and had brain damage. We heard gunfire and it was not the season for hunting, so we went to investigate. When we did, we realized we were being shot at. The men started to chase us, and I got hit, so we had to go to the hospital. We told the authorities, and they went on a hunt to find the men. Now, it was just like the two men were fighting another war. I wondered, if in their minds, they thought they were to be shot at daybreak . . .

Brad Scott





Photograph  
by Kris Rainho











aulkner  
(Keeho)

Stephen Hoyt

James Francis

Vicky Gasprion

Nancy Woods

Fish Bookin

William Frank  
that has

John

James Stone

Lisa Minkoff  
"Miss"

Tom D. Wallace

477  
Missouri

Bradford Lee Scott  
Sons of

W. W. W.

Michael  
Henry

James

James

W. W. W.

James

W. W. W.

Bart Tennison

Reggie Rowe

W. W. W.  
James Tesche











